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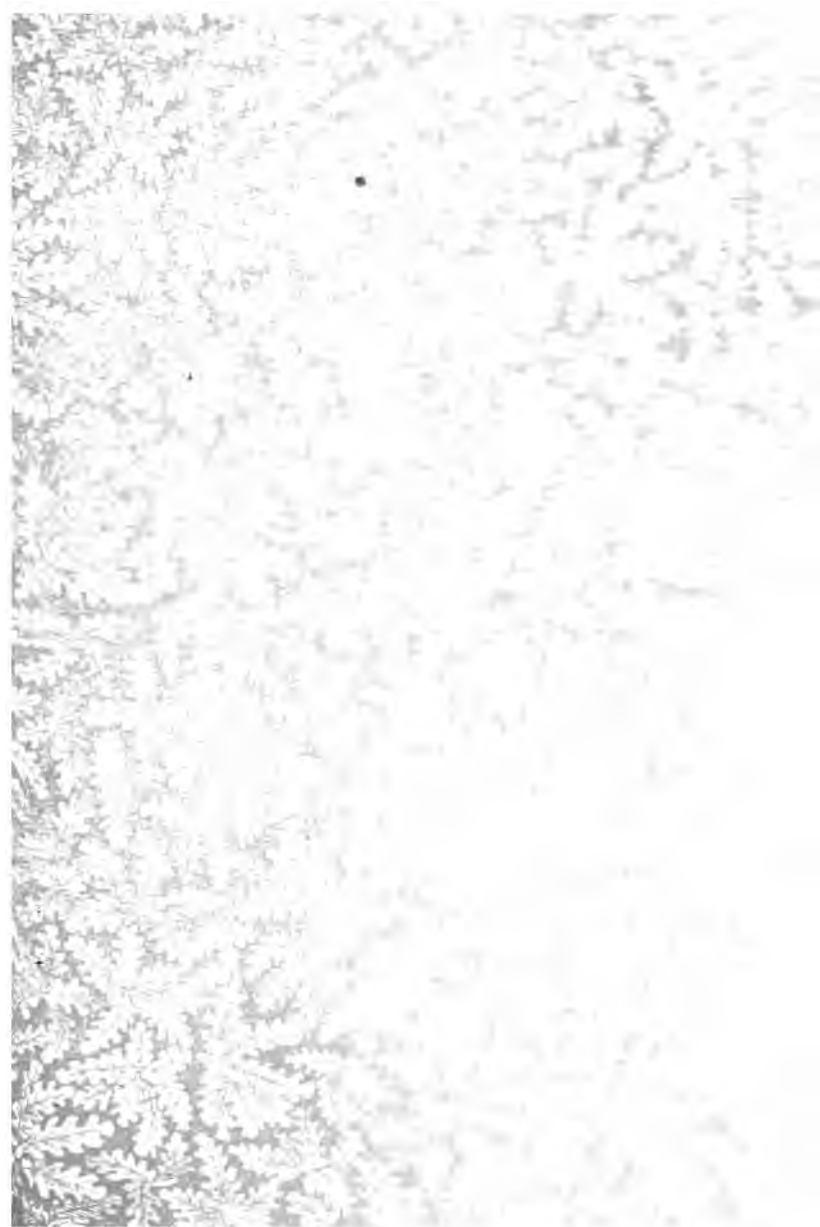
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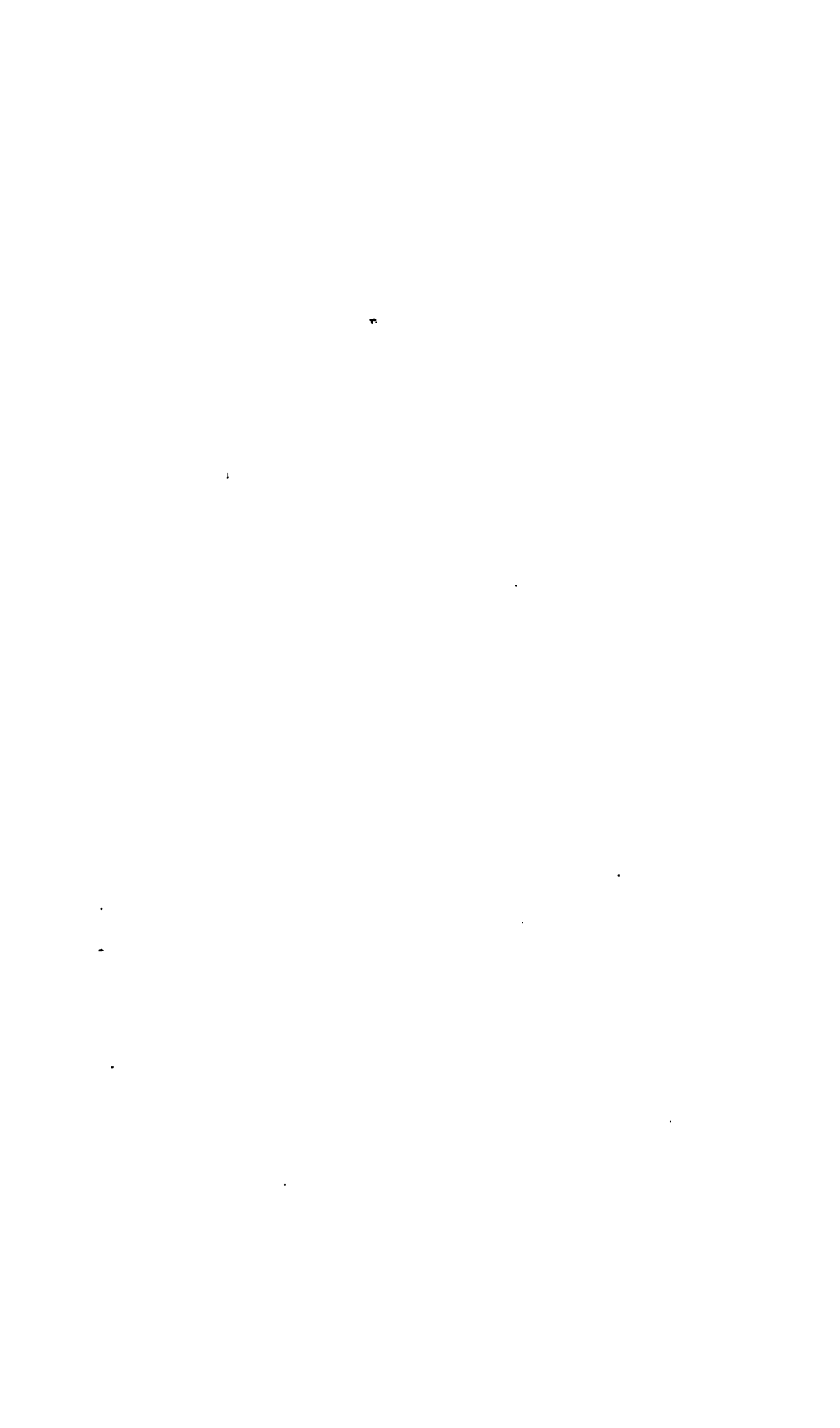
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A COLLECTION OF
Poems and Songs
BY
J. C. TROTT













R. E. Bowles

A COLLECTION OF

POEMS AND SONGS

DESCRIPTIVE, SENTIMENTAL & HUMOROUS

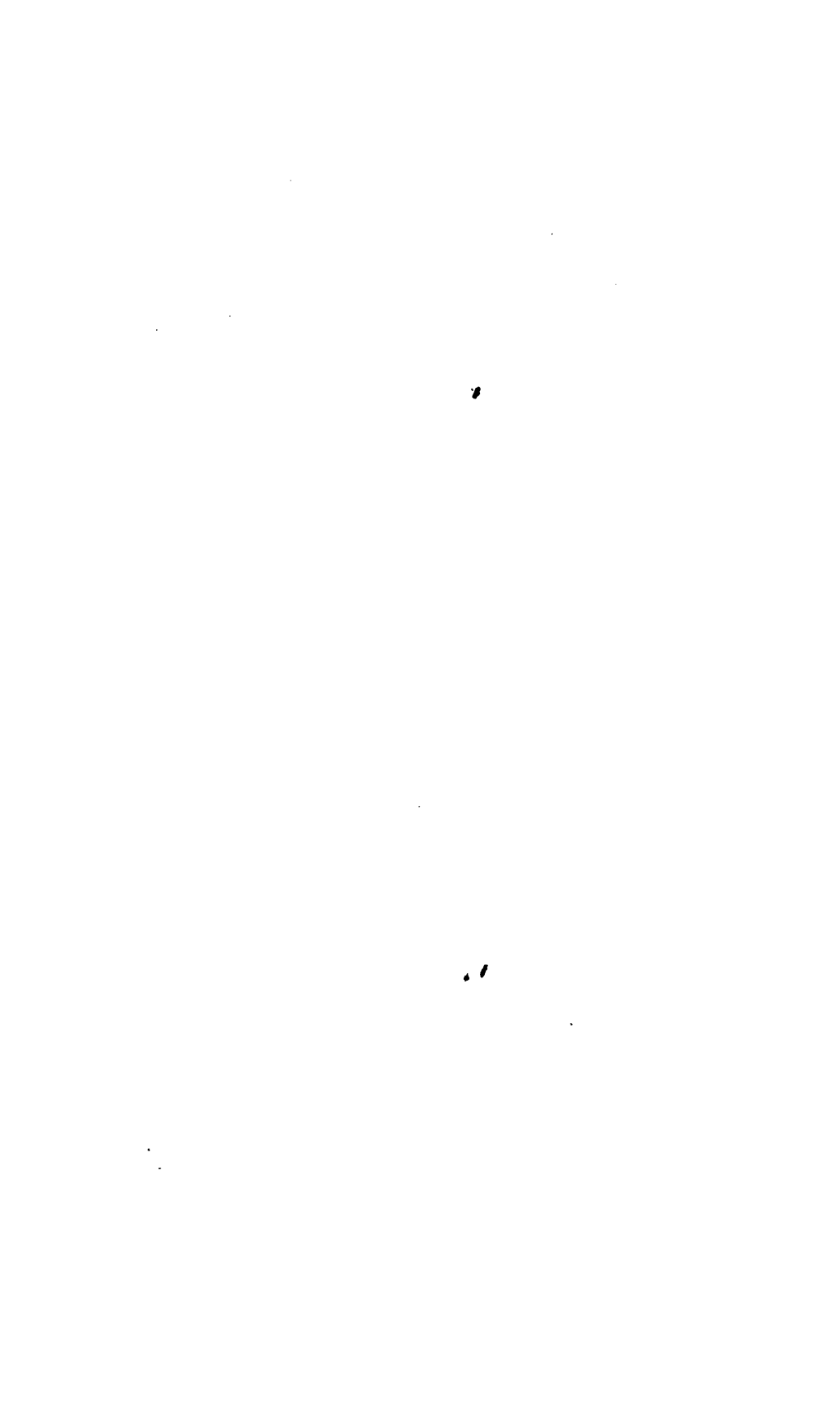
BY

J. C. TROTT.

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PREFACE.

In submitting this collection of Poems and Songs to public consideration, I desire first of all to thank the numerous subscribers whose generous support has rendered possible the achievement of a long-cherished desire.

With regard to the work itself, I trust it will be found that in the various subjects treated of I have not attempted flights beyond my powers, but that, remembering the old saying that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," I have pursued the *via media* of safety, and confined myself to efforts well within the scope of my capabilities. Although probably the severely classical may be unable to discern much to either gratify the taste or appeal to the intellect, still I venture to hope the general run of readers will be able to derive both pleasure and profit, and also feel in the different portrayals of human character and experience that "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin."

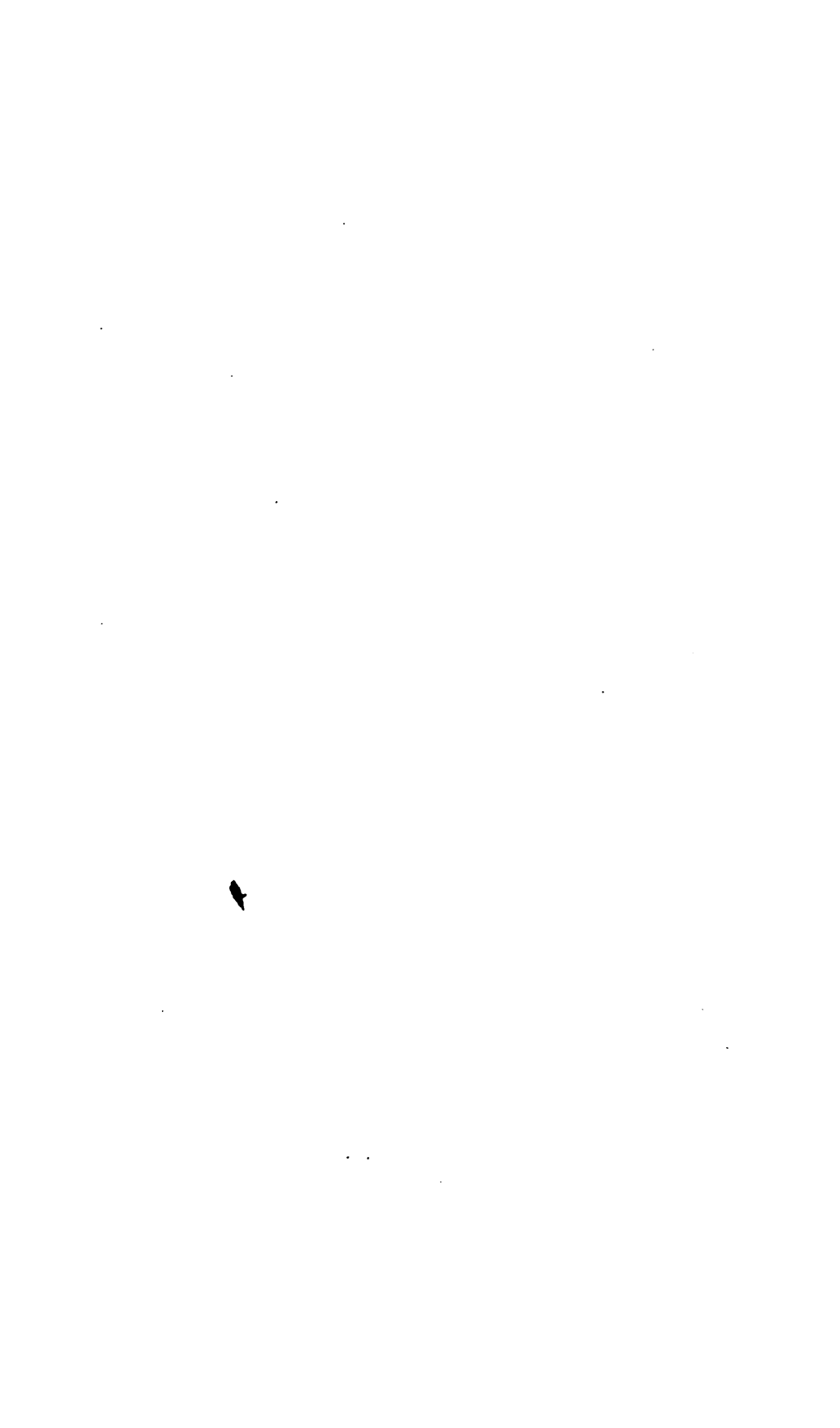
Painfully conscious of my many deficiencies, I must ask the reader's kind indulgence for any errors in construction or other little literary blemishes that may present themselves.

Trusting that my humble efforts may commend themselves to your favourable consideration,

I remain,

Yours respectfully,

J. C. TROTT.



TO POETRY.

SWEET Poesy, if thy bright light
But beam upon my way,
This soul of mine can know no night ;
But, bless'd by thine Aeonian ray,
Unbroken, cloudless, endless day.

If but thy precious priceless gift
My lowly soul possess,
I have a lever that can lift
My heart above the ills that press
In this drear mundane wilderness.

Let but thy thrilling tuneful lay
Fall on my ravish'd ear,
All worldly tumults die away ;
Then swiftly discord, doubt, and fear
Vanish to more congenial sphere.

With thine inspiring matchless fire
O touch each " trembling string "
Of my poor uninstructed lyre,
And various tuneful strains forth bring,
Music's sweet soul awakening.

Kind Muse, my Alma Mater be,
'Neath thy benignant rule,
Taught in thy great academy,
Wise shall I grow tho' deemed a fool
By this world's cold prosaic school.

Could I but wield thy facile brush,
What pictures wondrous rare
Would I portray—the crimson blush
Of placid evening mildly fair—
Or morning grand beyond compare !

Then beauteous Spirit, O dispense
Thy wonder-working power ;
The fervour rich, the bliss intense
Of thy unpurchaseable dower—
Poesy's amaranthine flower.

TO A VIOLET.

CHILD of obscurity,
 Nestling in purity
 In the green dell ;
 Hid in thy lone retreat,
 Scatt'ring thy perfume sweet
 Where flowerets dwell.

Mantl'd in modest grace,
 In thee my thought can trace
 Type of that mind
 Which far from mortal ken,
 Far from the haunts of men,
 Noble and kind,

Spends all Life's fleeting hours,
 All of its varying powers,
 In noble ways ;
 Shedding a fragrance round
 Earth's saddest, darkest ground,
 Seeking no praise.

Unknown, unrecognis'd,
 Often but little priz'd,
 Lowly, obscure ;
 Cradl'd in low estate,
 Scorn'd by the rich, the great,
 Worthy tho' poor.

Bloom on, dear lowly flower,
 So may the Heavenly Power
 Teach us, that we
 May thy sweet worth discern,
 And the grand lesson learn
 Taught us by thee.

TO A DAISY.

SWEET flow'ret, clad in snowy white,
 Or in a vest of crimson bright,
 Meekly raising thy pure head
 From thy scented, verdant bed ;
 Gazing up with reverent eye
 To the vast expanse of sky—
 In simple trusting innocence
 Appealing to Omnipotence
 To grant thy tiny life a share
 In His all-embracing care.
 Happy in thy lowly state,
 Careless thou of Time or Fate ;
 The poet's pet, a brilliant gem
 In fair Flora's diadem.
 'Teacher great in humble guise—
 Teaching alike foolish, wise ;
 Preacher thou most eloquent—
 Preaching lowliness ; content,
 Thankful when the sun's bright smile
 Woos thy blushing face awhile ;
 Uncomplainingly resign'd,
 When the angry tyrant wind
 Rudely smites thy trembling cheek.
 Ever trustful, hopeful, meek,
 In thee a lesson deep we see
 Of patience in adversity—
 Hoping on for brighter days,
 Cheery skies and sunshine's rays.
 O lowly daisy, e'er in thee,
 A bright example may we see ;
 Like thee may we be meek and pure,
 Be patient hardship to endure,
 Resigned unto His sovereign will,
 Whose power the universe doth fill.

THOU ART PASSING AWAY.

THOU art passing away, but we will not deplore thee,
 Though sorely it grieveth us from thee to part,
 When we think of the glory that lies on before thee,
 With humble submission we see thee depart.

Thou art passing away, and we would not recall thee
 To this land of sorrow e'en had we the power ;
 On that tranquil shore no ills can befall thee ;
 No trouble-charg'd clouds upon thee e'er lour

Thou art passing away, hands rev'rent and tender
 Shall clothe thy still form for its last narrow bed,
 And a grief-stricken train shall solemnly render
 The last that affection can do for the dead.

Thou art passing away, through the glittering portals,
 To the bright golden streets and the gem-sparkling plain,
 Where the rapturous hosts of redeemed immortals
 Make the balmy air ring with their ceaseless refrain.

Thou art passing away, but we in our sorrow,
 Should not mourn over thee as those without hope,
 But patiently wait the Eternal to-morrow,
 Heav'n aiding us well with our trial to cope.

Thou art passing away, and we too must follow
 And quit this vain region of transient delight ;
 Earth's goodliest things, how poor and how hollow
 Appear they when view'd in Eternity's light !

Thou art passing away, and, blessed assurance—
 Through our Father's great love we may meet thee again ;
 How the hope fills our bosom with strength and endurance,
 And aids us to carry our burden of pain !

LOVE.

WHAT force in the world is so potent as love ?
 The tempest may fright us, the earthquake remove,
 The roll of the thunder our minds may appal ;
 But love is a power greater stronger than all.

Scare a being on earth but his sovereignty owns ;
 He sways like a despot proud kings on their thrones ;
 He rules the poor peasant who sighs in the grove,
 As his heart vainly strives with the power of love.

O Cupid ! a ruthless young tyrant thou art,
 Inflicting deep wounds with thy random-sent dart ;
 How often thou banishest sleep from the eyes,
 As vainly to woo it some poor lover tries ;
 Go seek where ye will, ye never shall find
 A monarch who wieldeth more sway o'er Mankind.

Go ask if you will yon proud millionaire—
 Why he roams through his grounds with, so pensive an air ;
 Why so troubl'd his mien, so haggard his face ?
 Why he wanders alone at so laggard a pace ?
 And the pet child of Fortune's sad answer shall prove
 The exquisite tortures inflicted by Love.

Ask too that brave sailor boy high on the mast,
 As the stout vessel trembles and reels in the blast,
 What is it that keeps him so calm 'mid the storm ?
 And he'll own with a blush—the sweet features and form
 Of a dearly loved maid, like an angel of light,
 Shine clear on his path through the tempest's dark night ;
 And as the good ship through the boiling surf moves,
 He is cheer'd by the thought of the sweetheart he loves.

And have we not seen, too, the bold son of Mars
 Return home unscathed from the peril of wars
 To be vanquish'd at once by Beauty's bright glance,
 And yield at first prick of the young tyrant's lance ?
 How that bosom as firm as his cuirass of steel,
 That never a tremor of terror did feel
 When bullet and sabre assail'd him in vain
 Hath been wounded and torn by Love's blissful pain !

Ask that child of sweet fancies as by the lone stream
 He thoughtfully roves—what's his favourite theme ?
 And his face will be wreath'd with a halo of light,
 As he smilingly answers, Love's heavenly delight ;
 Yes he sings " la grandè passion " so wondrously strong,
 Yes love is the bard's sweetest, favourite song.

THE MASHER O.

(After Burns—A considerable distance.)

HEIGHO the Masher O
 The tight-panted Masher O
 If there is ought amazes me
 It is the modern Masher O.

The curly-brimmed hat Masher O
 The street-parading Masher O
 Bowing to " Totties " whom he meets,
 The lady-killing Masher O.

The fashion-watching Masher O
 The " jam-pot " collar'd Masher O
 With " eyeglass in his ocular,"
 The empty-headed Masher O.

The leering, ogling Masher O
 The bar-frequenting Masher O
 Spending his father's hard won-pelf,
 The trade-despising Masher O.

The idle, worthless Masher O
 The *blasè*, rakish Masher O
 'Twas Nature who produced the man,
 But " brass " produc'd the Masher O.

The art-affecting Masher O
 The Wilde-adoring Masher O
 The quite too utterly intense,
 The " high " æsthetic Masher O.

Heigho the Masher O
 O would to God the Masher O
 Might be a useful manly man,
 And cease to be a Masher O !

TO A BUTTERCUP.

DEAR flow'ret, sorrow fills my breast,
 As I survey thy golden crest,
 That erst on Nature's velvet vest
 So brightly shone,
 By Ruin's ruthless power oppress'd,
 Thy beauty gone.

Bright darling of the rural glade,
 In sweet simplicity arrayed,
 O'er thee fond zephyrs as they stray'd
 Made music sweet,
 Alas! now mangled 'neath the tread
 Of passing feet.

We saw thee e'er reviving Spring
 Came forth on rainbow-tinted wing
 To metamorphose everything,
 A courier gay—
 Nature's pursuivant, heralding
 Approaching May.

When merry-hearted buxom May
 Beam'd brightly on the prospect gray,
 And thickly drap'd hedgerow and spray
 In blossom white,
 She smil'd on thee, her fav'rite fay,
 With deep delight.

When Summer ope'd his golden reign,
 Clothing in radiant tints the plain,
 And Flora, with a beauteous chain
 Deck'd field and bower.
 We saw thee foremost in her train,
 Thou pretty flower.

As summer clouds that melt away
 Before the sun's all powerful ray,
 So transient was thy life's brief day—
 With sudden blow—
 Misfortune mark'd thee for her prey,
 And laid thee low.

'TIS BETTER ON BEFORE.

Though you may be beset by foes
Who wound you o'er and o'er,
A crown awaits the victor's brow ;
'Tis better on before.

Ye struggling souls, who life's dark sky
With anxious eyes explore,
List, as Hope whispers in your ear,
'Tis better on before !

Though oft with gloomy fears oppress'd
On this wild rocky shore,
"He giveth His beloved rest ;"
'Tis better on before.

What though we be of low estate,
Of origin obscure,
Christ many mansions hath prepared ;
'Tis better on before.

Were this cold world our only rest,
Unblest were we and poor ;
This life is but a fleeting dream,
'Tis better on before.

Though Ruin threaten our frail barque,
And well nigh whelm it o'er,
We'll make the port of Heaven's deep calm ;
'Tis better on before.

What though friend after friend depart,
And leave us lone and sore,
This life's a scene of constant change,
'Tis better on before.

If langour's soft insidious touch
This mortal frame steal o'er,
There is a land where none are sick,
'Tis better on before.

Why should we mourn our lov'd ones gone
As though all hope were o'er ?
The saying's truth they sweetly prove—
'Tis better on before.

There's not an ill this world contains
 That Heaven cannot cure,
 Ye heirs of immortality,
 'Tis better on before !

The clouds that gather in life's sky
 And dim the prospect o'er,
 Pierce with the eagle eye of faith !
 'Tis better on before.

Then come what may—earth's keenest woes—
 We'll dread them all no more ;
 They but endure for a night,
 'Tis better on before.

A TRIBUTE.

(Lines written on hearing a bird singing in a Wood at Daybreak.)

SWEET bird, warbling all unseen,
 Hid within thy covert green
 From intruding mortal eye,
 Hymning the awakening sky,
 Pouring forth serenely gay
 Thine unpremeditated lay
 To welcome the approaching day
 When the faint incipient flush
 Of Aurora's rosy blush
 Softly gilds the mountain's brow,
 And tinges verdant vales below.
 Pretty feathered troubadour,
 Opening thy melodious store
 Of Heav'n-given minstrel lore ;
 Making vocal the still wood
 With thy melody's full flood.
 Thou merry-hearted forester,

Dame Nature's willing chorister ;
Awaken'd by thy tuneful voice,
The daisy opes its yellow eye ;
For joy the gentle breezes sigh,
The lovely flowerets rejoice,
And bashfully uplift their heads
From their dew-bespangl'd beds,
To listen to thy matin song—
A beauteous sympathetic throng.
Bright Phœbus, as he strides along,
Like mail-clad warrior bold and strong
With warm approval lists thy lays,
And generously largesse flings,
In golden glints on thy soft wings,
And thus thy tuneful toils repays.
Thou tiny soul of joy and glee,
Fluttering with ecstasy,
Making known with rapturous zest,
The joy that animates thy breast—
Teeming with a sweet unrest.
I love thy tender simple strain,
Strong antidote to care and pain ;
Sweeter to me thy artless trill
By far than train'd artistic skill,
Where oftentimes affectation's art
Plays so conspicuous a part.
Sing on, dear bird, pour forth at will,
His praise Who gave thee thy sweet skill ;
Contribute thou right lavishly
Thy share in Nature's minstrelsy ;
Mingle thou thy pure refrain
With the universal strain
That through Creation's wide domain
Rolls on in volume rich and grand,
O'er azure sea, o'er smiling land,
Till blends it with the ceaseless song
Of yonder blest angelic throng,
While countless ages roll along.

NORA DOONE.

I FONDLY lov'd a maiden fair,
 I liv'd but in her eyes,
 And all the mundane scene for me
 Contain'd no dearer prize ;
 While some crav'd wealth, and rank, and power,
 I ask'd no richer boon
 Of Fortune than to win the heart
 Of lovely Nora Doone.

I won her heart ; Love's flowery path
 I trod with footsteps light,
 And deem'd not that my beauteous day
 Could ever know a night ;
 But from my lip the nectar cup
 Was dash'd and shatter'd soon ;
 For envious Death tore from my arms
 My lovely Nora Doone.

Ye little birds, lament with me !
 Ye streams that glide along !
 Ye restless plaintive breezes, swell
 The melancholy song !
 My hopes like dead leaves thickly lie
 By Autumn's breezes strewn ;
 And Life presents no charm for me
 Since 'reft of Nora Doone.

 AN OLD OLD STORY.

I N a squalid London attic,
 By a candle's flick'ring light
 Sits a weary woman sewing,
 Toiling far into the night ;
 Grief and want have left their impress
 On her figure slim and weak,
 And a fatal tinge of crimson
 Mantles her once rounded cheek.

In her face the ling'ring traces
Of a beauty wondrous rare
May be seen amid the ravage
Sorrow has effected there ;
Now, her eyes, once mildly lustrous,
Gleam unnaturally bright,
And her hair's dishevelled tresses
Fall upon her shoulders slight.
Once she was a happy maiden—
Source of ever new delight
Unto fond indulgent parents—
Of her home the joy, the light ;
Petted darling of the village,
Pride of all the country side,
In her innocence and beauty
Happiness personified.
How her honest rural lovers
Sought for and did fondly prize
As a treasure rich and precious
One kind glance from her bright eyes ;
At her mandate roam'd the forest,
Cull'd for her the fresh wild flowers,
Deem'd the hours spent in her service
Brightest happiest of hours !
But, like bird of evil omen,
To that peaceful village came
A gay votary of fashion—
Bearer of a lofty name—
Came he with his polished manners
This poor maiden to ensnare,
Lure her from the path of virtue,
Wreck her life so young and fair.
Ah ! that fatal ill-starr'd meeting—
Memory's regretful glance
Often brings the scene before her—
The rural fete, festive dance ;
The hastily sought introduction,
And the stranger's ardent gaze,
Honey'd words of adulation,
Fascinating winning ways.

AN OLD OLD STORY.

Then the frequent secret meeting—
 Fond embrace, impassioned kiss—
 Solemn vows of true affection—
 Her sweet dream of coming bliss—
 Conflict between love and duty—
 Dark temptation—hasty flight
 From the dear parental homestead
 Under cover of the night.
 'Tis, alas ! the old, old story—
 Woman's trust, man's treachery—
 Story but too oft repeated
 In the world's dark history ;
 O the bitter disenchantment—
 Waking from a vision fair,
 But to find hopes fondly cherish'd
 Vanish'd into empty air !
 Now alone, betray'd, deserted,
 All her beauty's brilliant bloom
 Faded as a lovely flower
 Blighted in autumnal gloom ;
 Life denuded of its brightness—
 Nought her broken heart doth crave
 But to rest from earthly sorrow
 In the quiet of the grave.
 So the poor soul sits and labours,
 Slowly drooping day by day,
 Sinking 'neath her heavy burden,
 Stranded on Life's ocean way ;
 God of Mercy, save and pardon
 This frail victim of deceit ;
 Draw her by Thy loving Spirit,
 Lead her gently to Thy feet !
 Teach her, O all-pitying Saviour,
 Thou did'st come to save the lost—
 Thou Who purchased Mankind's pardon
 At Thy life's infinite cost ;
 Guide her through death's darksome valley
 To the haven of the blest,
 "Where the wicked cease from troubling
 And the weary are at rest."

CARPE DIEM.

PLUCK the lovely crimson rose,
While its beauty brightly glows ;
Ere the wind with angry gust
Trail its petals in the dust.

On yon azure-mantl'd sky.
Gladly feast the eager eye ;
Ere the sombre storm-clouds gather,
And there cometh stormy weather.

Soon will yonder golden sun
His diurnal course have run ;
Swiftly he his zenith wins,
Swiftly his decline begins.

List to Pleasure's dulcet lute,
Ere it lieth broken, mute,
And deep dirges of despair
Swell upon the saddened air.

Tender lovers, while ye may,
Wander through Love's flowery way ;
Age, arrayed in cold and gloom,
Soon will steal your youthful bloom.

Labour's hardy children, seize,
Treasure each sweet spell of ease ;
Duty's summons loud and clear,
Soon will sound upon your ear.

Of no future fondly dream,
Tinted by Hope's solar beam ;
But the present be our care,
Let us make it bright and fair.

If to-day be calm and fair,
Who would be a prey to care ?
Take no thought about to-morrow,
Courage from the present borrow.

Thus, with spirits stout and brave,
Sail we o'er life's restless wave ;
Eating what the Gods provide,
Happy, whatso'er betide.

THE PEOPLE'S PARK.

*(Through the generosity of the late Sir Francis Crossley, Bart., M.P.,
presented to the Corporation of Halifax, and opened on the
14th of August, in the year 1857.)*

RESPLENDENT Muse, sweet spirit, deem'd by some
Of heavenly birth, to my assistance come !
Hail, loveliest thou of all the lovely Nine,
Whose peerless rays with dimless lustre shine !
Tutor'd by thee, O most benignant Maid,
Fain would I learn the poet's "tuneful trade ;"
Vouchsafe to me the true Aeonian fire,
And boldly sweep my inartistic lyre ;
Illume my soul with thy celestial spark
While I essay my theme—"The People's Park."

Three long decades have roll'd their circling way
Since that auspicious, memorable day,
When with eclat its gates were open thrown
Unto the people of our "good old town"—
Fair progeny of that munificence,
Which bless'd and blessing, widely did dispense
Its golden store without regard to creed,
Prompted alone by love of goodly deed.
Be ever praised that kindness of heart
That fondly strove with Charity's soft art,
In harmony with heaven's noble plan,
To bless and cheer the changeful lot of man ;
While throbs the heart, and memory holds its seat,
Shall gratitude the Crossley's praise repeat.

A pleasaunce fair, tho' of dimensions small,
A sweet boudoir in Nature's splendid hall,
Snugly enclos'd within a verdant square
Of arborets and foreign saplings rare ;
A picturesque and beautiful retreat,
Yielding the studious eye refection sweet.
Trim well kept paths and lawny beds declare
With glad consent the gardener's lavish care ;
And richly bright successively appear
The varying blooms that deck the floral year.
Pleasant its aspect when reviving Spring
Waves o'er the scene his wonder-working wing ;
When surly Winter, growling with dismay,
His howling minions gruffly calls away ;

And Flora comes the season fair to greet,
 Laying her earliest offerings at his feet ;
 Beauteous when comes, child of yon glorious globe,
 Gay Summer, in his many-coloured robe ;
 The skies put on their most superb array,
 Their richest tints the flowers and trees display,
 And like a thing of life the fountain gay
 Tosses aloft bright showers of silvery spray.
 The grass is dyed in deepest emerald green ;
 Refulgent Sol, presiding o'er the scene,
 Illumines all with his unrivall'd shine ;
 Like burnish'd silver gleams the serpentine,
 O'er whose clear face, with graceful arched throat,
 The swan majestic tranquilly doth float,
 While ducks respectful paddle in its wake,
 Or eager rush to catch the floating " cake "—
 As on the bridge delighted urchins stand,
 Dispensing bounties with unstinting hand.
 Pleasant it is in leisure hour to sit
 As youth and beauty lightly by us flit,
 On buoyant step, in healthful bloom array'd—
 The sturdy youth, the modest, graceful maid—
 Free from their toils in factory or mill,
 Full of young hope, regardless of the ill
 That may lie hidden in the future's haze,
 Contented with the present's cloudless days.

Nor shall the Muse disdain to notice here
 That spot familiar, to our elders dear,
 Which with the title proud, " Park Parliament,"
 Is dignified by general consent ;
 Within whose quiet well-sheltered retreat,
 Our aged sires, worn with the burden, heat
 Of Life's stern fray, in solemn conclave meet ;
 Old cronies here each other warmly greet,
 Here hold the frequent serious debate ;
 Here settle oft the great affairs of State,
 Or fondly eulogise some hero great ;
 Tell of Time's changes, pleasures pass'd and gone,
 The trials borne, the people they have known ;
 To Heav'n resigned, beguiling thus away
 The closing hours of Life's declining day.

Still further aid me, Muse, while I regard
 With thoughtful eye the spacious promenade—
 The level terrace, graced on either side
 With fragrant beds, the florist's special pride—
 Bright dainty beauties, exquisitely choice,
 Laid out in many an ingenious device ;
 The massive caannon, frowning grimly down,
 Stern witnesses of Albion's great renown,
 Telling of noble actions nobly done,
 Of daring deeds, and battles bravely won.
 The grand pavilion, fittingly, I ween,
 The central feature of the pleasant scene.
 We shall the classic eye seek vainly for
 The sculptor's art and mythologic lore ;
 See Telemachus, victor from the fray,
 Laying aside his militant array ;
 Diana, beauteous Goddess of the Chase ;
 The Dancing Girl, in attitude of grace ;
 Great Hercules, the ancients' hero grand,
 Firm as a rock in kingly pride doth stand ;
 Apollo, Jove's illustrious progeny,
 The God of Music, Science, Poetry ;
 With Sophocles, the lustre of whose name
 Won for Athenia everlasting fame ;
 The Music Maiden with her tambourine ;
 Unrivall'd Venus, Beauty's peerless Queen,
 Lend dignity and finish to the scene.

When melancholy Autumn gazes down
 Upon the prospect clad in russet brown ;
 Tho' daylight shortens and the flowers are few,
 And frequent teardrops Nature's cheek bedew ;
 When leaves lie thickly on the humid ground,
 While breezes sigh portentously around,
 And Nature shrinks, as from impending harms ;
 E'en then the scene hath its peculiar charms.
 In all the seasons of the circling year—
 In Spring's bright blush, or Winter's frown severe,
 Rich gleams of Beauty's heavenly light appear.
 Still, as Old Time goes on his busy round,
 May our glad feet within the Park be found,
 And may we have enlightened eyes to see

Fair Nature's gifts display'd so lavishly ;
 And e'er may Heav'n smile brightly on our town,
 Prosperity our labours richly crown ;
 May we advance in all the arts of peace,
 Our want diminish and our wealth increase ;
 Upon us Knowledge bend her kindly glance,
 May Science, Art, and Literature advance ;
 And Halifax be never lost to fame
 While we can boast the Crossley's honour'd name !

AT HOME.

A FISHER lad puts out to sea ;
 The breeze is whistling merrily,
 His blue eye beams with love's soft light ;
 His true love waves her kerchief white
 Till o'er the wide expanse of blue
 His boat fades swiftly from her view ;
 While he sings, as he cuts the snowy foam,
 " To-morrow will see me safe at home."

The maiden looks on the angry sea,
 The billows leap tumultuously ;
 Dark clouds on the wind's strong pinions fly,
 Red lightening cleaves the ebon sky ;
 The thunder's verberating roll
 With terror fills the maiden's soul—
 She prays, as her eyes o'er the dread scene roam,
 " O that morning were here and my love at home."

Gray morning dawns on the treach'rous sea,
 Smiling in cruel placidity ;
 The bright sun darts his glances warm
 On the beach, where lies a lifeless form ;
 And bending beside it a weeping maid—
 All life and hope from her bosom fled ;
 No more to her arms her love will come,
 For the fisher lad is safe at home.

NATURE'S SCHOOL.

ALL ye who would enrich your mind
 With knowledge of the deepest kind,
 Should seek it in fair Nature's school ;
 Beneath her kindly gentle rule,
 No mind so barren, warp'd, or dull,
 But from her open page may cull
 Instruction of the highest worth.
 No boundaries of caste or birth
 Are recognised in her bright hall ;
 Her hand impartial levels all
 The fine distinctions of mankind.
 She but requires the pensive mind,
 Encompass'd in patrician frame,
 Or in a mould of lowlier name.
 The son of toil 's as welcome here
 As is the offspring of a peer.
 Wide open stands her college door
 To great and small, to rich and poor ;
 The treasures of her beauteous lore
 She in her volume grand displays,
 And blest are they who spend their days
 Amid her soul-entrancing sights,
 Tasting her exquisite delights—
 The flowers with their varying hues ;
 The heavens with their wondrous views ;
 Majestic Ocean's azure face ;
 The golden sun's unrivall'd rays ;
 The tender moon in softer sheen
 Enfolding Evening's peaceful scene ;
 The myriads of lustrous stars
 Careering in their silvery cars ;
 The lofty mountains, giant trees,
 Deep tranquil valleys, greeny leas,
 And songsters' thrilling minstrelries.
 Uniting all in one bright plan,
 With sweet accord they speak to man—
 Incentives noble they present
 And use the strongest argument
 To wean him from each low pursuit

That tends but to degrade, embrate.
 My brothers, all these voices hear ;
 Whatever be your status, sphere—
 Noble or simple, sage or fool,
 Enrol yourselves in Nature's school.

THE SNOW.

THE angry northern winds do blow,
 And borne upon their pinions light,
 Whirling in fantastic flight,
 Descends the powder'd silvery snow.
 Swiftly the wold and towering height,
 Field, meadow, undulating dale
 Are cover'd with a beauteous veil,
 Shimmering like silver bright.
 How gay the landscape doth appear,
 Drap'd in its fairy-like array ;
 The icicles on hedge and spray
 Sparkling like jewels, coldly clear !
 A wondrous artist is the wind,
 Working at random his mad will,
 Portraying with unstudied skill
 Pictures that charm the pensive mind.
 Dame Nature, in her wintry garb,
 Festoon'd with spotless, downy wreath,
 Is beauteous, tho' her icy breath
 Pierceth one like a pointed barb.
 Art baffl'd views the splendid scene,
 Her highest powers inadequate
 Such pictures to delineate ;
 Poorly she imitates, I wean
 With years of labour hard and slow
 The fairy views superbly bright
 Created in a single night
 By the wild vagaries of the snow.

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

SPEAK the truth ! Tho' the act
 Cost thee dear ;
 Have nothing to regard, retract,
 Nought to fear.

Speak the truth ! Whatso'er
 Be at stake ;
 Straight step over Virtue's fair
 Pathway take.

Speak the truth ! Let its rays
 Brightly shine ;
 Be it clothed in homely phrase,
 Or in fine.

Speak the truth ! At any price
 Hold it fast ;
 Heav'n will reward your sacrifice
 At the last.

Speak the truth ! 'Tis a gem
 Brighter far
 Than stones in royal diadem,
 Or a star.

Speak the truth ! Stars shall fade,
 Gems decay ;
 Truth, in dimless sheen array'd,
 Shines for aye.

Speak the truth ! Fear not man,
 Tho' he rave ;
 Tho' thou'rt weak, Jehovah can
 Make thee brave.

Speak the truth ! For its sake
 Men have died ;
 Their souls have risen from the stake
 Glorified.

Speak the truth ! Not in wrath,
 But in love ;
 That tempted souls from Sin's dark path
 Ye may move.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

23

Speak the truth ! In youth, or age
Falsehood flee ;
Against it fiercest warfare wage
Incessantly.

Speak the truth ! When is pass'd
Life's brief day,
The God of Truth will at the last
Be your stay.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

DEEP down in every human heart,
Within some secret cell,
However crush'd by sin and woe,
Sweet chords of music dwell—
Which rise and fall in cadence grand
When waken'd by Love's gentle hand.

No soul, however vile and dark,
Wherein we may not trace
Some flickerings of the " vital spark "
Of purity and grace ;
None so debas'd but in them shine
Some beamings of the light divine.

A kindly word, a deed of love,
Tears shed in sympathy,
The hardest heart may melt and move,
Where cold austerity
Tends but to harden and repel ;
Nought can resist Love's gentle will.

Yes, Love's a sweet a beautiful gift
By God Himself bestow'd
On finite men, their hearts to lift
To Heaven—Love's bright abode ;
And he who loves his fellow-man
Best carries out Jehovah's plan.

THE SOLO BOY.

(Dedicated to Walter Crawshaw, of this town, who was solo boy at the Parish Church at the time the poem was written.)

HE sits within the carven stall—
 The *dux* of all the songsters small,
 In surplice white, and muslin collar,
 Denoting him the music scholar ;
 With leadership and pride of place
 Writ large upon his rosy face.
 About him are the lesser fry,
 Gazing with proud and envious eye
 On their young chieftain in his seat,
 Each wishing he'd a voice as sweet
 And strong as his ; for well know they
 Whate'er the service for the day—
 Roberts in F, Garland in A—
 His voice rings out distinctly clear
 Above his very best compeer.
 Free, as the lark on heavenward wings,
 His varying notes the youngster sings ;
 The music of each sacred strain
 Floats through the venerable fane ;
 His song takes hold of many a heart
 And oft th' unbidden tear will start—
 Meet tribute to the singer's art.
 The congregation know him well,
 And love his triumphs oft to tell.
 Ah ! happy singer, well for thee
 Could these bright days for ever be,
 And thou a star serenely shine
 In music's firmament divine.

Alas ! on Time's fleet pinions borne,
 There dawns a fatal Sabbath morn,
 That dims, as clouds a summer sky,
 The lustre of the solo boy.
 He manages the Psalms all right,
 The service sings with all his might ;
 But, as the anthem goes along,
 The singers feel there's something wrong ;
 His voice, erstwhile so stroud and clear,

Is weak and quav'ring as with fear ;
 Then, as he struggles on his way,
 The youngsters hear with dire dismay
 Their luckless leader crack on A.
 O how by words shall be express'd
 The pain that fills his boyish breast,
 As, shrinking from the *maestro's* eye,
 He heaveth many a bitter sigh,
 And feels and knows, with bosom sore,
 His solo days are almost o'er !

Grieve not too much, dear solo boy,
 The closing of thy day of joy.
 We in proverbial parlance say
 That every dog but has its day.
 Decay and failure wait on all
 Who tread this roving mundane ball.
 The flowers wear their fair array
 But for a transitory day ;
 The fleetest racer on the track
 Becomes some day the jaded hack ;
 The belle that sets all hearts aflame
 The wither'd, worn, decrepit dame ;
 The batsman plays his brilliant game ;
 Time flies, and he is but a name.
 Sweet singer, well you've played your part
 In the sublime celestial art ;
 And, having done your very best,
 You now must give way like the rest.

Then chorister, despond no more ;
 Who knows what Fate may have in store ?
 As time goes on perchance you'll find
 Dame Nature will again be kind,
 And unto thee the power impart
 To labour in the beauteous art ;
 Perhaps the vaulted aisle again
 May echo to your ringing strain.
 But if not, then "fond Memory"
 Will prove a faithful friend to thee ;
 She oft will pour into thine ears
 The music of these earlier years ;

A LITERARY TRAGEDY.

Oft to thy tear-dimm'd eyes recall
 The dear familiar choir-stall.
 In fancy, wearing with delight
 The surplice and the collar white,
 Thus shall you live again with joy
 The days when you were solo boy.

A LITERARY TRAGEDY.

IN THREE ACTS. (After Gilbert.)

ACT 1.

AN editor sits in a dingy old den, his shining scissors near
 His good right hand, and a "Devil's Own" pen in his
 editorial ear ;
 With a stony stare and a brow of care he toils assiduously ;
 Not a moment must stop he, for waiting for "copy," six hungry
 "comps" there be ;
 'Twas a pleasant sight to watch him write with a hand so light
 and free ;
 It did me good, as there I stood, to see such industry.

ACT 2.

Now a rhyming rip, with a stealthy step, climbed softly up the
 stairs,
 In his hand a book, he'd a weird wild look, and his clothing
 needed repairs.
 He gazed at that slaving scribbling scribe with meek humility,
 Then said he'd a poem he'd much like to show him—a gem of poesy ;
 And there I stood, in a pleasant mood, expecting soon to see
 That office floor steeped in the gore of the man of poetry.

ACT 3.

The editor gaz'd like one half craz'd, but ne'er a word spake he ;
 Then he gave a lurch, and slid from his perch with fierce alacrity ;
 He grabb'd that weird and wild-eyed bard and dragg'd him to the
 door ;
 Downstairs he shot him, from top to the bottom, and the rhymers
 was no more ;
 And the editor then sat down in his den and laugh'd with fiendish
 glee ;
 So, bards, beware ! and avoid the lair of the man of industry.

A NOVEMBER DAY.

ALL Nature's rob'd in gloom to-day,
 Above, below, around ;
 The sun witholds his golden ray ;
 Upon the humid ground

In sodden'd clusters lie the leaves,
 The heavens darkly frown,
 And freely from the dripping eaves
 The rain drops patter down.

The bird upon the leafless tree
 No silvery pæan sings,
 But droops in dull despondency
 Its saturated wings.

The spectral trees unto the sky
 Uplift their naked arms,
 The restless breezes moan and sigh ;
 Denuded of their charms

Fair Flora's rif'd bowers stand,
 And vapours thickly rise,
 Until it seems as if the land
 Were blended with the skies.

A dense impenetrable gloom
 Rules over all the scene,
 Enfolding as within a tomb
 The daylight's cheery sheen.

Yet doth this dismal, gloomy scene—
 This dark November day,
 A useful lesson teach, I wean—
 To me it seems to say :

The way to happiness and light
 Oft lies through sorrow's gloom ;
 There must be winter's withering blight
 Before the spring's bright bloom.

THE MERMAIDS.

Be patient ; yet a little while,
 My aspect cold and grey
 Must give place to the sunny smile
 Of happy blithesome May.

Then let us patiently abide
 Stern winter's circling gloom,
 Until again, in spring's sweet tide,
 The lovely flowers bloom.

THE MERMAIDS.

DEEP fathoms 'neath the restless sea,
 In many a beauteous cell,
 Embosom'd in tranquility
 The lovely mermaids dwell ;
 Laving in Neptune's current gold
 Their shapely forms and heads of gold.
 Where pinky coral gaily gleams
 And pearls like rainbows shine—
 Their lustre rivalling the beams
 Of jewels of the mine ;
 And grows full many a strange sea flower,
 Is the mermaids' hidden fairy bower.
 They are the syrens of the sea
 Who smile but to destroy,
 As winsomely, seductively,
 By wile and art they try
 To lure the mariner to his doom
 And shroud his form in a watery tomb.
 When the favouring currents flow
 All placidly along,
 With Pleasure seated at the prow
 Their heart with courage strong ;
 Go Neptune's gallant offspring true,
 The wearers of the jacket blue.
 Ah, thoughtless mariner, beware !
 These hours of the sea,
 With winning smile and tresses fair,
 They bode no good for thee ;
 For, like their land-born sisters, they
 Regard thee as their natural prey.

ROBERT BURNS.

ONE day I saw a picture fair that fill'd me with delight,
 It represented Poetry, in flowing robes of white,
 Her brow adorn'd with classic bays, her harp slung by her side,
 Throwing her mantle over Burns, auld Scotia's joy and pride.
 There stood the honest ploughman in homely garb array'd,
 His bonnet doff'd right courteously before the lovely maid,
 And near beside him was the plough behind whose iron share
 In loneliness oft plodded the deathless "Bard of Ayr"—
 That glittering constellation in the firmament of fame,
 A "gifted peasant" destin'd to immortalize his name
 And bequeath unto posterity a legacy of song,
 An untold wealth of melody, rich, bountiful, and strong.

I gaz'd upon the picture, until lost in reverie quite,
 Methought the senseless canvas seem'd aglow with living light,
 Teeming with objects beautiful array'd in brilliant beams,
 Hills, dales, and flowery valleys, green meadows, silvery streams—
 The food and inspiration of the poet's varied themes.
 Then pass'd before my vision in grotesque fantastic train
 The marvellous creations of his busy, facile brain.
 First, immortal "Tam O Shanter," as on that dreadful night,
 When mounted on his "gude auld mare" he urg'd his headlong
 flight

Past Alloway's "auld ruin'd Kirk," athrough the storm and dark,
 Pursued by imps and warlocks, led by lissome "Cutty Sark."
 I saw him gain the "key-stane" by "gude Maggie's" gallant
 jump,

Heard the fiendish yell of triumph as "Nannie" by the rump
 Fast gripp'd the luckless mare and rove her tail out by the stump.
 I overheard the dialogue between the "Brigs o' Ayr,"
 As they in altercation past and present did compare;
 I noted the "Twa Dogs" as in converse grave and gay
 They discours'd upon the customs, follies, fashions of the day.
 And then methought I view'd with inexpressible delight
 The tender scenes depicted in the "Cottar's Saturday Night;"
 I saw the humble toiler beside his ingle bright,
 His children's ruddy faces illum'd with Love's soft light,
 As for a transient season he lays aside his care—
 In his dear lov'd ones' pleasures with youthful heart to share;
 I heard the grand old psalm tune swell on the stilly air,

Mark'd the patriot and saint as he breath'd the fervent prayer
 That heaven would guard "auld Scotland" with a peculiar care.
 Then all the scene was chang'd, and I marked the noisy glee
 Of Willie, Rob, and Allan, the boon companions three,
 The lads that "were na fou, but just a drappie i' their ee ;"
 Saw the poet in the field bending o'er the startled mouse ;
 Mark'd him sitting in the Kirk as he gravely watched a louse
 Marching in and out the trimmings of a lady's Sunday bonnet—
 Heard his chuckle of delight as he penn'd his verses on it ;
 In fancy almost caught the pathetic "fare thee weel"
 With which the bard concluded his "Address unto the Deil ;"
 Then heard that plaintive dirge—of pain and sorrow borne,
 As the anguish-stricken poet told how "Man was made to Mourn,"
 When he saw with tearful eye "Man's inhumanity to man"
 To discord change the harmony of Nature's noble plan ;
 Last, I stood within his cottage when, as he sat alone,
 The Muse again appeared to him and claim'd him as her own,
 And o'er his soaring soul diffus'd her spirit-stirring fire,
 Tuning to noble lofty flights his untaught rustic lyre,
 Bidding him climb with steadfast step the steep ascent of fame,
 And gild his country's annals with the lustre of his name.

Then waking from my reverie, I thought with deep regard
 On the virtues of this wondrous and incomparable bard ;
 His lofty-soul'd disdain for the soulless venal tribe
 Who prostitute their genius for place or filthy bribe ;
 His stern incisive censure of national misdeeds,
 His heartfelt deep aversion to lifeless forms and creeds,
 And patriotic pleadings of his lov'd Scotland's needs ;
 His hatred of injustice, inherent sense of right,
 Fierce scorn for all oppressors and willingness to fight
 In freedom's holy battle, his grand superb disdain
 For all who us'd Religion for purposes of gain ;
 That sturdy independence that fain would suffer want
 Than cringe before Earth's great ones and play the sycophant.

And on his many errors I look'd with lenient eye
 As I thought of his sad story—how much there was to try
 A being so impulsive, so prone to go astray
 And let his baser passions his nobler nature sway.
 Then I thought with deepest pleasure of the good his songs have
 done,

The comfort and the blessing they have been to many a one ;
 How many a drooping spirit held down by grief and pain
 Hath been help'd along Life's journey by the music of his strain.
 How those songs retain their sweetness, their elevating power,
 Still exercise their influence in sad or festive hour,
 Still wield with subtle magic their soul-subduing art,
 Filling with pride and pleasure each true-born Scottish heart ;
 And those glorious masterpieces so lofty and sublime
 Shall shine in dimless splendour upon the scroll of time,
 Like flowers amaranthine and beautiful for aye,
 Imperishable monuments triumphant o'er decay ;
 For while this wand'ring planet on her axis daily turns
 Shall endure the glorious memory and songs of Robert Burns.

A TRUE MAN.

I love the man who loves his kind ;
 The man whose comprehensive mind
 No boundaries knows of caste or creed.
 Who ever at the cry of need
 Will bend a sympathetic ear ;
 Whose constant spirit will not veer
 About life shifting weather-vane ;
 But true and faithful will remain
 Through weal or woe beside his friend,
 His worth and goodness know no end ;
 He cannot witness mortal pain
 Without an effort to restrain
 Pity's involuntary tear.
 He, when is pour'd into his ear
 Some moving tale of human woe,
 Can ever feel the generous glow
 Of Charity's ennobling flame.
 This is a man for whom I claim
 The highest praise, the best regard—
 The true man's well-deserv'd reward—
 This is the manhood I commend ;
 Kind Heav'n ! Provide me such a friend,
 Him to my soul I'll tightly clasp,
 And nought but Death shall loose my grasp.

THE FOREST.

I LOVE the forest's still retreat—
 Far from the city's hum—
 No worldly tumults come
 To mar the happiness complete ;
 Here Solitude her peaceful throne
 Hath set, and reigns supreme, alone.

'Tis sweet to sit in thoughtful mood
 In eve's calm hour,
 'Neath Fancy's power ;
 As memories sweet—a holy brood—
 Like visions bright before us rise,
 Then fade from our regretful eyes.

I love to tread the sylvan glade
 And pensively explore
 Its verdant velvet floor,
 By Flora's busy hand array'd
 In robe of deeply-tinted green,
 Where many a starry flower is seen.

Nobles may boast their mansions fair,
 Where cunning art
 Plays its bright part ;
 Where painting rich and carving rare,
 Chaste Statuary, gilded sheen,
 Conspire to beautify the scene.

But give me Nature's pure demesnes,
 Sweet fairy bowers
 Bedeck'd with flowers,
 Made vocal with the thrilling strains
 Of songsters warbling joyously ;
 O this is pleasure rich to me !

What power in this stillness dwell !
 No noisy throes
 Of striving foes ;
 O forest ! to thy peaceful cells
 Oft would my joyful steps repair,
 And snatch a rest from worldly care.

THE REPRIEVE.

THE deep boom of the castle bell
 Reverberates o'er hill and dell,
 Sounding a mortal's dying knell.

Miserere Domine !

The pris'ner in his donjon cell
 Hears the deep tone of that sad bell ;
 Its summons stern he knows full well.

Miserere Domine !

O woeful sight for mortal eye,
 A gallant youth led out to die;
 Kind angels tend him from on high.

Miserere Domine !

Between his guards with steady pace,
 With form erect and fearless face,
 He goes, the pride of his proud race.

Miserere Domine !

The doomsman stands in grim array,
 And hovering o'er those turrets grey,
 Insatiate Death awaits his prey.

Miserere Domine !

His aged mother, too, is there,
 With bending form and snowy hair,
 Breathing on high the tremulous prayer.

Miserere Domine !

The teardrops lave his limpid eye,
 His bosom heaves a long, deep sigh,
 As to his love his fond thoughts fly.

Miserere Domine !

The kind confessor tends him there,
 An aged priest with brow of care,
 With solemn rite and holy prayer.

Miserere Domine !

That dauntless soul that, like a rock,
 Had stood mid battle's fiercest shock,
 Approaches now the fatal block.

Miserere Domine !

MY LITTLE BOY WHO DIED.

But hark ! a murmur passes round ;
Is clearly heard the clattering sound
Of horse hoofs beating the hard ground.

Miserere Domine !

Dashing along at lightning speed,
A courier urges his brave steed ;
Shouting aloud he bids them heed.

Miserere Domine !

On, courier, on ! Each sinew strain.
On, gallant horse ! The courtyard gain
Ere the red stream the stone floor stain.

Miserere Domine !

A moment, and upon the scene,
The pris'ner and his doom between,
They stand with pardon from the Queen.

Gloria tibi Domine !

O rapture ! bliss without alloy,
What words can tell the maiden's joy,
Or mother's, as she clasps her boy ?

Gloria tibi Domine !

To Heav'n, Who intervened that day,
The headsman's horrid hand to stay,
Ascends the glad triumphant lay—

Gloria tibi Domine !

MY LITTLE BOY WHO DIED.

OFt o'er my mind a sweet sad thought
Will come in pensive hour—
A tender recollection fraught
With deep mysterious power ;
And then my fancy seems to see
A bright form by my side—
Smiling with fond delight on me—
My little boy who died.

Tho' many years their course have sped
Since the dark angel came
Into our home on errand dread—
Our darling one to claim ;
The soft unbidden tear will fall,
My weakness who shall chide
As memory fondly doth recall
My little boy who died ?
I see again the fair green field
We roam'd with busy feet,
The butterfly that whirling wheel'd
The summer flowers sweet.
O fairer prospects now he views
Than earthly scenes supplied ;
He roams mid flowers of fadeless hues,
My little boy who died !
Ah ! sacred is that little drawer,
Embalmed with many a sigh,
Where, dearer far than pearly store,
Our darling's treasures lie—
Drum, trumpet, lamb with fleece of snow,
Top, soldiers side by side—
Dear trifles that delighted so
My little boy who died.
Tho' other little pattering feet
To meet me run with glee ;
And other little voices sweet
Make merry minstrelsie ;
Yet still there mingles with my joy
A grief I cannot hide—
The thought of that dear little boy—
My little one who died.
And oft a tender, silvery voice
Seems speaking from the sky,
Saying :—" My mother dear, rejoice !
The time is drawing nigh
When we shall meet ; " then calmly still
In patience I abide ;
'Till I join when 'tis God's will
My little boy who died.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

GUARDIAN Angels, beings beauteous,
 Quitting oft their blissful bowers,
 Unto heavenly mandate duteous,
 Visiting this realm of ours ;
 God's delighted, willing minions,
 Serving in His temple bright,
 Bearing to these dark dominions
 Blessings on their pinions white.

Hovering o'er some lowly dwelling,
 Comforting the troubled heart ;
 When the storms of life are swelling
 Hope and courage they impart ;
 Spreading the inspiring vision
 Oft before our tearful eyes—
 Glimpses bright of fields Elysian—
 Golden streets of Paradise.

Oft in faithful vigil bending
 O'er the bed of innocence,
 From all evil dreams defending ;
 Unto faith and penitence
 Harden'd sinners gently gaining,
 Guiding the rash steps of youth,
 Tempted ones from ill restraining,
 Winning them to Wisdom, Truth.

Beauteous Spirits, watching o'er us
 As we tread this earthly maze,
 Lighting up the way before us,
 Guiding through Life's devious ways,
 Whispering your sweet evangels,
 Fainting hearts to bless and cheer ;
 Stay with us, kind Guardian Angels,
 Till earth's clouds shall disappear !

A BIRTHDAY WISH.

MAY each recurring natal day
 Find you pursuing Wisdom's way ;
 Treading with firmer steps the road
 That leads to happiness and God.

TO GENERAL GORDON.

GREAT Gordon, lion-hearted soul,
 Saint, hero, true philanthropist,
 Thou type of highest chivalry !
 Who can recall thy hapless doom—
 The tale of thy untimely fate
 Unmov'd, nor shed soft Pity's tear ?
 Now numbered with the holy dead,
 All undisturb'd by earth's alarms,
 The fragrance of thy pure grand life
 Remains with us who mourn thy loss.
 Ill can we spare such men as thee ;
 The roll of our illustrious dead
 Contains no brighter name than thine.
 While Memory's faculty remains
 With each true son of Albion,
 The splendid lessons thou hast taught—
 Thy manly Spartan fortitude,
 And sense of duty strong and high,
 Thy perfect disregard of self,
 Insensibility to fear ;
 Thy tender, ceaseless sympathy
 With all the sorrows of thy race,
 And never-failing interest
 In every object tending to
 The elevation of mankind
 Can never be forgot. Again
 We feel the burden of suspense
 That weighed our anxious nation down,
 When in the hour of urgent need,
 Responsive unto Duty's call,
 Thou sped'st upon thy lonely way
 Athwart the Desert's arid waste
 To aid the helpless Soudanese
 Against the Mahdi's phrenzied hordes.
 And how for twelve dark weary months
 With patient courage thou did'st wait
 That look'd-for succour which, alas !
 Thou wert not destined to behold.
 Then came that memorable hour
 When Treachery's infernal arts
 Accomplish'd that which force of arms

A POLITICAL BALLAD.

Had vainly striven to achieve—
 When pour'd through Khartoum's massive gates
 Like surging waves the ruthless foe—
 Who, senseless to thy priceless worth,
 Unmov'd by Pity's softening power,
 Upon thee fell with coward force
 And blotted out thy glorious life.
 Ah, then what tears of bitter woe
 Our stricken sorrowing nation shed,
 And men all felt that from their midst
 Had pass'd one of the grandest souls
 That e'er inhabited the frame
 Of man. Rest, gallant warrior, rest ;
 No more o'er thy intrepid heart
 Shall earthly tempests fiercely beat ;
 No more shall cold indifference
 Ere wound thy earnest fervent breast.
 And if the lessons thou hast taught,
 By Memory's impressive power
 Be deeply graven in our minds,
 And others of Britannia's sons
 Thy lofty actions emulate,
 Not vainly hast thou liv'd and died.

A POLITICAL BALLAD.

THE Grand Old Man to the war hath gone,
 At St. Stephen's you will find him,
 His grand old axe he hath girded on,
 And his Homer slung behind him ;
 Upas tree, cries the G.O.M.,
 Tho' all the Tories praise thee,
 I'll hack thee branch, and root, and stem,
 And to the ground I'll raze thee.
 Greater than Dilke or Chamberlain
 I've made a name in story ;
 I treat with most superb disdain
 The ilk that's christened Tory.
 No Churchill's tongue shall flurry me
 With dire threats of exposure ;
 I'll drown him in verbosity
 And crush him with the Closure !

PLEASURES.

ALAS! the fairest, sweetest flowers
 Wear their beautiful array
 But for transitory hours
 E'er they yield unto decay.

Pleasures are like fading flowers,
 Flitting gleams of golden light,
 Swift as meteoric showers,
 Gone ere you can mark their flight.

Robber Time, with ruthless fingers,
 Dims the eye and lines the cheek,
 Till of beauty's light there lingers
 But a faint a shadowy streak.

Still the heart doth fondly cherish—
 Treasure up the precious rays ;
 Memory will not let them perish,
 The sweet joys of bygone days.

THO' FAR FROM THEE.

THO' far from thee, dear maid, I rove,
 Ah ! think not I can faithless prove ;
 Where'er I roam no sun can shine
 Upon a dearer face than thine ;
 The brightest day is but as night
 Unless thou'rt near to bless my sight—
 Bereft of thee, my light of light,
 Life hath no charms for me.

Can I forget thee ? Aye, as soon
 As yonder mellow-visag'd moon
 Can cease to shed her silvery beam
 On tranquil wood and slumbering stream.
 Where'er I be, on ocean main,
 Or on some distant foreign plain,
 In fancy sweet again, again,
 I'll feast my eyes on thee.

THE FIRST KISS.

LET poets sensuous combine
 To rave about their ruby wine ;
 With fulsome phrase let them extol
 The pleasures of the flowing bowl ;
 I sing a far serener joy—
 Pure gold unmingled with alloy ;
 The nectar rich of earthly bliss—
 That lovers taste—the first sweet kiss.

Yon miser in his dingy den
 Go mark as o'er and o'er again
 He counts with wildly gleaming eyes
 His shining hoard that outspread lies ;
 His sun and centre sordid self ;
 His *summum bonum* filthy pelf ;
 How mean, how poor a joy is his
 Compared with love's first tender kiss !

That pensive student as he toils
 To wrest from Learning her fair spoils
 While all the world is wrapp'd in sleep ;
 His inward glow of rapture deep
 As he discerns from Nature's page
 Some lesson hid from bearded sage,
 Ill rivals the delicious bliss
 Of love's impassioned sweet first kiss.

Then let the poets have their wine
 And loudly in its praise combine,
 The wretched miser feast his eyes
 Upon his glitt'ring golden prize,
 The student nightly o'er his page
 Drink in the learning of his age ;
 I ask no sweeter joy than this—
 The joy of joys, love's fond first kiss.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

A SHORT time ago in the papers 'twas seen
 That an old man had wedded a maid of eighteen ;
 Like King David, may be, he requir'd a young lass
 To revive him, while she wanted him for his brass.

AUTUMN.

SUMMER'S rich hues have died away,
 And mellow Autumn now is here ;
 He comes his kindly part to play,
 And crown the circling year.

A crown of varied-tinted leaves
 Upon his jovial brow he wears ;
 A priceless load of golden sheaves
 Within his arms he bears.

Season of mirth and fruitfulness,
 Bringing the husbandman's reward
 For all his hopes, anxieties,
 His labours long and hard.

He comes with timely hand to grease
 The flagging wheels of Industry ;
 To make them run with power and ease
 And work more evenly.

He opens Plenty's ample horn,
 And pours upon the heaving plain
 Her luscious fruits—the generous corn,
 “ Bright Ceres' golden rain.”

The pleasant sounds of Harvest Home
 Ring blithely o'er the gladden'd plain,
 As forth the merry reapers come
 In busy jocund train.

The skies are bath'd in mellow'd light,
 The fields are ting'd with sober brown ;
 And with a lustre mildly bright,
 The harvest moon beams down.

O ! with what powerful eloquence
 Doth Autumn's voice unto us preach,
 And truths of deep significance
 In solemn accents teach.

He bids us mark the flower, the leaf,
 Clad in the garments of decay ;
 And hear them breathe this sentence brief,
 Thou art but for a day.

He points out in the falling leaf
 Token of Death's prevailing power ;
 And teaches in the full-eared sheaf
 The resurrection hour.

This world of ours is God's great field,
 Where we by thought and action sow
 The pregnant mighty seeds that yield
 Eternal weal or woe.

So may we live and labour here,
 That we can view without dismay
 The Harvest of the World draw near—
 The final reaping day.

PRACTICAL SYMPATHY.

"HOW sorry I am," you oft hear people say
 As they view the misfortunes of others,
 But practical sympathy how few display
 To their indigent sisters and brothers ;
 Protestations of pity *sans* generous aid
 Are worthless to persons in trouble—
 Mere meaningless jargon, a hollow parade,
 As bodiless as a soap bubble.

This statement to illustrate, let me repeat
 A story I somewhere have read
 Of the Merchant and Quaker who met in the street,
 When the former in confidence said :
 Poor G——'s going down I hear on good grounds,
 I feel awfully sorry I vow ;
 Quoth the Quaker : I *feel* five hundred good pounds
 In my pocket, Friend, how much dost thou ?

Merely telling the poor man who begs at your gate
 You feel very much for his woes
 Will not help in the least his pangs to abate
 If away from you empty he goes ;
 No ; practical sympathy, that is the best,
 Kind Nature's akin-making touch ;
 As is well by the old Latin proverb express'd,
 " He who promptly gives, gives twice as much."

TRUE NOBILITY.

CHILD of labour, don't repine
 That a lowly lot be thine ;
 Deem it not unmix'd misfortune
 That toil, privation, are your portion.
 Tho' your status be ignoble,
 You may live a life right noble,
 That shall dignify your state,
 Make you really, truly great,
 If with actions good and true,
 You Life's journey way bestrew.
 The man of honest, simple heart,
 Daily playing well his part ;
 Does his work with single mind,
 Sympathizes with his kind
 In the hour of pain and grief ;
 Lends with ready hand relief,
 Succours the distress'd, the poor,
 Even from a scanty store ;
 Sheddeth Pity's melting tear
 When is breath'd into his ear
 Some sad narrative of woe ;
 Or displays the fiery glow
 Of indignation on his cheek
 When he sees the helpless weak
 Bullied by the tyrant strong,
 Or oppressed by fraud or wrong ;
 Who will whisper kind reproof
 In the ear of thoughtless youth
 When from Wisdom's pleasant way
 Evil tempteth them to stray ;
 In short, who in a thousand ways
 A lively interest displays
 In all pertaining to his race :
 I say in this man we can trace
 The lines of true nobility,
 Altho' no garter at his knee
 Denote him one of high degree.
 Yet still in Nature's kindly plan,
 He is the genuine nobleman,
 In Virtue's Aristocracy
 Holding honourable degree.

THE VOICE OF THE "COMP."

'TIS the voice of the Comp, I hear him complain,
 As he peers in the box : What, no copy again !
 Not the ghost of a " par," not even an " ad " ;
 It's enough to make even a clergyman mad.

To be kept idle thus is really hard " lines ;"
 If I could I'd establish a system of fines,
 So that whene'er the copy ran out, do you see,
 The Reporters should stump up the sum of " 3d."

Later on in the day I hear him again,
 This time 'tis the Reader that causes him pain :
 He's the bane of my life, so frequently bringing
 Me out of my " frame " through neglecting his " ringing."

Oft and oft in a week does he play me that trick ;
 Sometimes as I'm cheerfully filling my " stick,"
 Number——bawls the lad in imperative tone,
 And I put up a prayer as I waltz round the stone,

But to find after all 'twas not in the copy,
 And if in at that moment the Reader should pop, he
 Would hear me in strong terms express my opinion ;
 But he keeps out of sight the pen-driving " minion."

I think you will own 'tis a very hard " case "
 To be, tho' no Nimrod, called out to the " chase,"
 Especially just when I'm most anxious to be
 In-scooping the " sheks." with a column of " ruby."

Tho' I lecture him on typographical " rule "
 My technical teachings are lost on the fool ;
 He listens with such an indifferent air,
 I might just as well talk to my " clump " I declare.

I suppose I must just let him have his own way,
 And bear with his awkwardness day after day,
 Till I go to the land of the happy and blest
 Where " Readers " cease troubling and " Comps." are at rest.

DESCENT IS EASY.

IN "facilis descensus est"
 There is a bitter truth expressed,
 Which oft we see exemplified
 In overthrow of pomp and pride ;
 Some haughty son of high estate
 Fell'd by a sudden blow of Fate,
 As lightning cleaves the sturdy oak
 With rapid overwhelming stroke.
 Or like the meteor that flies
 In vivid splendour through the skies ;
 Awhile in transient brilliance flashes,
 Then sinks o'erwhelm'd in smoke and ashes.
 Or like the lovely fragile flower
 That wears but for a fleeting hour
 Its fragrant beautiful array,
 Then yields to darkness and decay.
 We see a man of wealth one day
 Bowl tranquilly along Life's way
 In Fortune's gilded chariot light,
 Whose every prospect seems most bright ;
 To him his lowlier fellows bow,
 And, in their envy, wonder how
 The Fates with such a partial hand
 Deal out the good things of the land ;
 And why it seems ordain'd that they
 Should have to labour day by day
 With but a scant precarious pay.
 But mark that lovely crimson rose,
 As brilliantly its beauty glows,
 Dewdrops on its petals slight
 Glittering like diamonds bright
 In the sun's refulgent light ;
 Ravishing the charmèd eye
 With its fair form and gorgeous dye ;
 Diffusing its aroma rare
 Upon the balmy morning air.
 Ah ! 'neath that beautiful array
 Lurk envious Death and dire decay ;
 For if we lift the tender leaf,
 And gaze attentively beneath,

We see the hideous loathsome form
 Of the destroying canker-worm.
 And so it is with mortal man
 Full often in Life's complex plan.
 We see him in the festive hour,
 Beneath the spell of Pleasure's power,
 Assuming with most subtle art
 A smiling face, the while his heart,
 To some deep hidden grief a prey,
 Consumeth gradually away.
 Then envy not the rich and great—
 The splendid sons of rank and state ;
 They have their sorrows and their cares,
 Trials, innumerable snares.
 The rather cast your eyes around
 The little plot on Life's vast ground
 In which is fix'd your lowlier fate,
 And in it strive to cultivate
 The peaceful fruits of Righteousness,
 That yield nor strife nor bitterness ;
 But the sweet flowers of Virtue, Truth,
 That bloom in amaranthine youth
 When worldly pageant and display
 In rusty splendour fade away.
 Seek, seek to cultivate the mind ;
 Live, live to benefit your kind ;
 A noble life, a spotless name,
 Are fairer far than empty fame.
 To live in Virtue's whiteness dress'd
 Is to be happy, to be bless'd.

 THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

(Sung by Mr. C. Clucas in the Nautical Operetta, "Sons of Neptune.")

I'M a literary wonder—an independent scribe—
 Who never makes a blunder, and never takes a bribe,
 I've a *modus operandi* entirely my own,
 As contributor to journals of a highly moral tone ;
 No human weakness ever gets the upperhand of me,
 Encas'd in incorruptible impeccability ;
 For I'm the very soul of honour and Nature's nobleman,
 The correspondent of the *Courier* and *Guardian*.

Upon this roving planet I keep my Argus eyes,
 And the doings of its people very closely scrutinize,
 No little peccadillo, nor smallest circumstance
 Of the trivialest nature eludes my vigilance ;
 I do my level best to be thoroughly *au fait*
 With everything transpiring around me day by day ;
 To be on the *qui vive* ever is the literary plan
 Of the correspondent of the *Courier* and *Guardian*.

I can analyse a dog fight with dialectic skill,
 Describe in racy jargon the latest little "mill" ;
 I give the truest prophecies in every branch of sport,
 Or authentic information of the goings-on at Court ;
 Abuse some budding author, criticise the newest play,
 And dub it "awful rot" in my inimitable way ;
 For a complete encyclopedia, a Protean-minded man
 Is the correspondent of the *Courier* and *Guardian*.

Many a weighty mission I have been on in my time,
 From the freezing frigid zone to the tropics' torrid clime ;
 Oft on the rolling billows heard the tempests crack their throats,
 Or on gigantic mountain tops I've jotted down my notes ;
 Stood on the battlefield with cannon's fiery breath
 All around about me belching forth red ruin, pain, and death ;
 Of many a "campaign" have I closely watched the "plan,"
 As correspondent of the *Courier* and *Guardian*.

Of the adventures of the "Neptune" just now it is my lot
 In my eighteen carat form full particulars to jot ;
 I affably converse with the communicative tars,
 List the howling of the wind and pen my glowing "pars."
 I paint attractive pictures of life upon the sea,
 And rave about our nation's maritime supremacy,
 In a style that demonstrates that I'm just the very man
 As correspondent of the *Courier* and *Guardian*.

Tho' somewhat at a loss for naval phraseology,
 Scarcely able to determine hard-a-port from hard-a-lee,
 And tho' upon the average I'm sea-sick twice a day,
 My time upon the whole passes pleasantly away ;
 And when our foemen duly have been sent to Davy Jones,
 And Peace again returning hushes Battle's blustering tones,
 In the march of civilization still I'll occupy the van,
 As correspondent of the *Courier* and *Guardian*.

"NEVER SAY DIE!"

O NEVER say die !
 In darkest hour,
 Tho' over Life's sky
 The storm-clouds lour ;
 Tho' dreary be the path you tread,
 And tempests gather overhead,
 Never say die.

O never say die !
 Tho' foes assail,
 Tho' dark danger nigh
 The cheek may pale ;
 Without a friend to aid and cheer,
 And not a ray of hope appear,
 Never say die !

O never say die !
 Resolve not to yield,
 Nor, coward-like, fly
 From Life's battlefield ;
 Like true Britons fight till the last gasp of breath,
 And no victor own but all-conquering Death.
 Never say die !

O never say die !
 The strife must cease,
 And by and bye,
 Come rest and peace ;
 Pleasure's fair train in bright array,
 And halcyon harmonious day ;
 Never say die !

O never say die !
 Be patient, strong,
 With hopes on high
 March straight along ;
 Until shall come the glorious day
 When all Earth's clouds shall melt away ;
 Never say die !

EVENING.

NOW dusky-visag'd Evening flings
 Her ebon-tinted circling wings
 Athwart this scene of mundane things.

Low sinks the kingly orb of day,
 Illuming with his dying ray
 The lofty hill tops far away.

High mounted on his silvern car
 Comes forth the beauteous evening star,
 Shedding its radiance from afar.

Pale Phœbe climbs her lofty hill,
 And to the assemblage fair and still
 Announces her imperial will.

Foremost in her attendant train,
 Careering o'er the ethereal plain,
 Bold Charles directs his shining wain.

Stern Mars in armour dazzling bright,
 Great soul of courage and of might,
 Waveth his blood-red banner bright.

Orion's sparkling belt is seen,
 The Pleiades in brilliant sheen,
 Adding their lustre to the scene.

O'er meadow, copse, and silent wood,
 And slumb'ring stream deep quietude,
 Like peaceful dove, doth sweetly brood.

The lowing cattle slowly wind
 Their homeward way, the honest hind
 Trudging wearily behind.

Now chime sweet Memory's silver bells,
 Bright Fancy weaves her magic spells,
 As on the past the mind oft dwells.

Then come array'd in lustrous light
 A train of pleasant memories bright,
 And fade from our regretful sight.

That peaceful thatch-roof'd cottage, where,
Kneeling beside our mother's chair,
We breath'd the oft-repeated prayer.

That little picturesque retreat,
Our village home, its meadows sweet,
Its one long solitary street.

A father's face benign and sage,
Conning intent the Holy Page,
His form bow'd 'neath the weight of age.

With tear-dimm'd eye perchance we trace
A dear lov'd sister's kindly face,
The joy, the darling of the place.

That sailor brother's well-knit form
We see amid the raging storm,
And breathe the supplication warm,

That He Who holds both sea and land
Within the hollow of His hand
Will still the waves at His command

And guide the good ship o'er the sea,
Through billows leaping furiously,
To the haven where they fain would be.

These friends so constant, kind, and true,
From whose companionship we drew
Such pleasure, wistfully we view.

Kind, faithful hearts, the true, the brave,
Scatter'd about by Time's strong wave,
And many slumbering in the grave.

O come dear light of by-gone days,
And bend on us your cheering rays,
Oft 'mid the Present's gloomy haze.

Yes, come to us again, again,
Bringing sweet pleasure in your train,
Till rest we from Life's weary strain !

THE LAY OF THE LOST MINSTREL.

UPON the water-butt he stood
 To serenade his love ;
 A merry maid in mirthful mood
 Lay listening above ;
 And as he strumm'd his light guitar,
 And utter'd notes divine,
 The cats chipp'd in from near and far,
 And the effect was fine.

He sang the first verse of his lay,
 The second did begin,
 When lo ! the blessed lid gave way,
 And he went flopping in ;
 Beneath the moon's soft silvery ray,
 In water to the neck
 Lifeless but beautiful he lay—
 A melancholy wreck.

The minstrel from the water-butt
 Himself did extricate ;
 When what should meet his optic but
 His darling's pa irate,
 Who lamm'd him with a cudgel thick
 In fashion most unkind,
 The while the faithful dog did stick
 Unto his pants behind.

A warning take, ye youths who read
 This touching little lay,
 Perchance 'twill stand you in good stead
 If you should go to pay
 Your tribute to some lady fair
 In amatory strain,
 Of water-butts, sticks, dogs beware,
 And spare yourselves much pain.

SPRING.

THE zephyrs softly murmur spring
 To tepid airs, and everything
 Assumes an aspect fair and gay ;
 The skies are deck'd in rich array
 Of azure blue and silver grey ;
 Exulting Nature seems to say :
 " Cold winter's rule hath pass'd away ;
 No longer 'neath his iron sway,
 In deathly gloom we languish—
 Pass'd is our time of anguish."
 The angry hyperborean blasts
 That fiercely rag'd o'er lonely wastes,
 And in green dell and sylvan glade
 Such havoc mercilessly made,
 Have sought again their native north,
 And comes the smiling season forth,
 Like captive loosen'd from his chain ;
 Now sports fair Pleasure on the plain,
 Attended by her jocund train.
 The sun diffuses his bright sheen
 O'er all th' emancipated scene ;
 He scatters with his fiery breath
 The darksome mists, the earth, beneath
 His ardent, all-transforming glance,
 Awakes from her protracted trance,
 And yielding snows in livid tide,
 Along their sinuous courses glide ;
 The husbandman, with ready hand,
 Breaks up the loosening fallow land,
 And trustfully implants his seed
 In the reciprocating soil,
 Then patiently awaits the meed
 Of profit due to honest spoil.
 The budding trees in promise show
 Summer's ripe charms in embryo ;
 The fields with eagerness disown
 Their ragged robe of dingy brown
 For a sweet garb of tender green ;
 Enraptured with the lovely scene,
 The little birds begin to mate,

And loud of coming pleasures prate.
The clamorous rook, with noisy zest,
On swaying bough constructs his nest ;
Hear we the cuckoo's plaintive note—
Sweet harbinger from sphere remote—
And blithely through the meadows gay
The sportive lambkins frisk and play ;
Now gambolling with awkward stride,
Anon, crouching at their mothers' side.
See we the pretty flowers again
Bespancling o'er the verdant plain—
Fair daffodils, the violet blue,
Pale buttercups, primroses too ;
The crocus pure and snowdrop white,
The crimson-crested daisy bright,
The wallflower sweet in mingling brown and yellow,
And pretty stock with fragrance richly mellow ;
Rich foretastes of the scented dowers
That lavish Flora on us showers.
Welcome ! thrice welcome ! gentle Spring !
Bearing to us on lightsome wing,
Like beauteous bird of omen good,
Array'd in all thy plentitude
Of charms, thy tide of joy and mirth
To cheer our long-expectant earth.
Dear Spring ! the aged look for thee
With sober-eyed expectancy,
While Memory back to them doth bring
Bright visions of their life's sweet spring,
When all the prospect seemed most fair,
And all unknown were grief and care.
Young folks, with more impulsive gaze,
Wait eagerly thy sunny days ;
Pale invalids, with longing eyes,
Look for thy sunny, genial skies,
So they may quit their sad sick room,
With all its loneliness and gloom,
To breathe thy balmy vernal air
And gaze upon thy beauties fair.
True type of sunny-visaged Hope,
Whose aid enables us to cope

With all the varying ills of life ;
 And in the midst of all its strife,
 Her radiating beam displays,
 And bids us look for brighter days ;
 Welcome in all thy pleasing arts,
 Thou gladdener of human hearts ;
 With blandishment and witching wile,
 With pearly tear and sunny smile,
 Rule us awhile with kindly sway ;
 All, all thy opening charms display,
 And onward point our sanguine gaze
 To Summer's grand imperial blaze.

BRADFORD V. HALIFAX.

THE Bradford came down like a wolf on the fold,
 But for once in a way were awfully sold ;
 Poor little Joe Hawcridge was very soon done,
 And Ritchie ne'er fram'd once to get in a run.

Alas ! for poor Bonson, their pet and their pride ;
 How galling to see all the tactics he tried
 Foil'd time after time by Schofield and Buck,
 Who, tho' lacking in size, are Goliaths in pluck.

And their forwards, too, fairly were run off their feet
 By their clever opponents, so dashing and fleet ;
 Amongst whom Cope, Wilkinson, Dennis, and Clowes
 Made one of their best and most brilliant of shows.

Suffice it to say that the close of the game
 Saw a fresh triumph added to Halifax fame,
 And Bradford once more clearly prov'd they're unable
 To turn upon Dodd's merry players the table.

There was general rejoicing all over the town
 That the almighty Bradford again had gone down ;
 For the Halifax folk never happier seem
 Than when their pets vanquish the " Gentlemen's Team."

Whatever on earth will Bradfordians say
 This dreadful disaster to argue away ?
 They can't find a loophole, but this, don't you see—
 They were minus their umpire—the fam'd *—"A. B. P."

*A. B. Perkins.

LIFE'S ALCHEMY.

AS olives crush'd 'neath heavy weight
 Emit a perfume rare,
 Which, wafted on the gentle breeze,
 With fragrance fills the air ;
 So many a precious thing of earth
 To pain and sorrow owes its birth.

Oft from some troubl'd bosom, crush'd
 Beneath a load of care,
 The fragrant odours are diffus'd
 Of virtues rich and rare ;
 Virtues, whose lustre shines more bright
 Than glittering silvery stars at night.

Oft 'tis some trying circumstance
 In Life's mysterious plan
 Whose pressure tends but to enhance
 The real worth of the man ;
 Yes, often Suffering's crucial test
 Evokes all that is truest, best.

When everything is going right
 'Tis easy to be strong,
 But manhood's grit is best display'd
 If, when affairs go wrong,
 Men face them with undaunted heart,
 And play the truly manly part.

Oft Sorrow's subtle alchemy
 Wise Nature doth employ
 To separate effectually
 The gold from the alloy—
 And mean, ignoble, base desires
 Are killed by Pain's consuming fires.

In Music's complex scheme we see
 That Joy's resounding strain
 Oft meets and blends harmoniously
 With minor chords of Pain ;
 So when sweet notes and discords meet
 Life's harmony becomes complete.

ONLY A CIRCUS CLOWN.

ONLY a simple circus clown,
 Careless if Fortune smile or frown,
 I dance, I sing, I joke and tumble,
 My repertoire a perfect jumble ;
 A medley strange, kaleidoscopic,
 Embracing every varying topic.
 With pride my motley garb I wear ;
 My watchword is " Begone, Dull Care ! "
 To please mankind 's my happy mission ;
 I am society's physician,
 Administering pleasant pills
 To cure the social body's ills.
 I open wide the radiant portals
 Of Mirth's gay hall to weary mortals ;
 'Tis mine to make them laugh and smile,
 Their cares and troubles to beguile.
 Still, though I aim to make folk laugh,
 I sometimes mingle with my chaff
 Wisdom and Truth's immortal grain ;
 I scatter o'er Life's dreary plain
 Stray gleams of Wit's refulgent light ;
 I in my humble way unite
 The humorous and philosophic ;
 And though a section misanthropic—
 The captious, hypercritical folks—
 Fall foul upon my little jokes,
 And dub them " fossils," " antiquated,"
 " Chestnuts " rehabilitated,
 Yet others, easier to please,
 Receive my funniosities
 And at my cranks and sallies roar
 As if they'd ne'er been heard before.
 As slyly round the ring I peep,
 Or over clumsily I leap,
 Then tumble in an awkward heap,
 My well-known " Here we are again "
 Evokes loud laughter's cheery strain.
 E'er fresh to them 's my oldest quip,
 And when I seize the Master's whip
 To make the pony jump at will,

Their shrieks the bright arena fill.
 Ah, thoughtless souls, they see in me
 But merriment and gaiety,
 While oft is rankling in my heart
 Sad Sorrow's venom-pointed dart.
 They scarcely think a motley vest
 Can hide a sorrow-stricken breast ;
 That he who entertains them so
 Can claim acquaintanceship with woe.

* * *

Well do I mind one winter night ;
 The " House " was full, my heart was light ;
 As I was entering the ring
 Someone the direful word did bring
 That my dear wife at home lay dead ;
 The message well-nigh turned my head ;
 To leave the place how I did yearn,
 But no one else could take my turn.
 With whirling brain and phrenzied eye
 I clear'd the ring ; my usual cry
 Rang bravely—" Here we are again."
 O, who shall tell the poignant pain
 That rung my breast as round I strode,
 Watching the lady as she rode !
 As she jump'd through the paper'd hoops
 I strove to utter joyous whoops ;
 I did my tricks, my sayings gay
 I struggl'd manfully to say ;
 But, no, my nature would have vent,
 And, to the great astonishment
 Of all assembled in the place,
 The tears cours'd down my painted face,
 As the poor clown, with anguish wild,
 Wept in the circus like a child.

* * *

Long weary years have passed away
 Since that e'er memorable day ;
 I've trod the path of life alone
 And many cares and trials known.
 I strive to overcome my grief,
 And find sweet moments of relief

AN INVOCATION TO NATURE.

In trying to enliven others.
 Methinks this life of ours, my brothers,
 Is something like a circus ground,
 Wherein we wander round and round,
 In tawdry tinsel bravely dress'd ;
 Where bitter sigh and sparkling jest,
 Sweet songs of pleasure, dirges drear,
 Rich rays of hope, dark clouds of fear
 Mysteriously meet and blend.
 And thus my way I onward wend,
 A pupil in gay Humour's school,
 A simple-hearted roving fool ;
 No better thing of Fate I ask
 Than strength for each day's varying task,
 And mirth's irradiating ray
 To cheer the darkness of my way.
 And when my circus days are done,
 This life's mysterious journey run,
 It may be He Who reigns above,
 The God of Goodness, Grace, and Love,
 Will on me leniently look down,
 Though only a poor circus clown.

AN INVOCATION TO NATURE.

SWEET Nature, o'er me breathe thy magic breath,
 And wake my spirit from its sleep of death ;
 Encircle me with thy irradiant wings,
 And from this sordid scene of mundane things
 Transport me far to some congenial clime,
 Unmarr'd by discords, passions, follies, crime.
 To thy hid beauties ope my heavy eyes,
 Command my dormant powers to arise,
 Before me wide unfold thy noble plan,
 Display the destiny of finite man.
 Arise, my soul, and spread thy fleeting wings,
 And let us leave awhile these worldly things—
 This scene of mingling meetings and farewells,
 Gay wedding peals and sad funereal knells ;
 Where puny man fumes out his little day,
 To Fate's caprices but the helpless prey ;
 This cunning game wherein the craftiest win,

Where might is right, and poverty a sin.
 Here spotless Virtue clad in tattered rags,
 With aching feet limps o'er the cruel flags,
 While Gorgon Vice with arrogant display
 In Fortune's car glides tranquilly away ;
 Fat Opulence glares at the sons of need,
 Regarding them as of inferior breed. •
 Birth, rank, and wealth—the social trinity,
 The modern Baal, the sovereign deity
 To whom mankind inflect the servile knee ;
 Where man's apprais'd not by inherent worth
 Or genius, but accident of birth.
 Ah, nobler he who proudly stands erect
 In all the dignity of self-respect—
 The grandest sight in all this earthly plan,
 An honourable, upright, manly man—
 A scion true of Virtue's noble race,
 With goodness, truth imprinted on his face ;
 Upon whom Honour from her shining throne
 Hath set her seal and claimed him as her own ;
 In naked majesty of worth array'd
 Scorning to learn the sycophant's vile trade.
 How mean is he, tho' clad in courtier garb,
 By meanness thriving, while the pointed barb
 Of outrag'd conscience wounds his guilty breast,
 Filling his soul with discord and unrest !
 But Nature's son, enraptur'd with her charms,
 Shunneth alike the wide inviting arms
 Of syren Pleasure with her fleeting joys,
 And proud Ambition's dearly purchas'd toys.
 Dearer to him the peaceful rural scenes,
 Where Nature reigns, most beauteous of Queens ;
 Where lovely objects everywhere abound,
 Brought by the changing seasons in their round.
 Enlist me, Dame, within the faithful band
 Whose joy it is to serve at thy command ;
 I fain would swell the ranks of that brigade,
 True followers of the sweet Æonian Maid ;
 Her tuneful songs I fain would learn to sing,
 And soar aloft on Fancy's eagle wing
 Until I reach the beautiful retreat,
 Parnassus high—the Muses' native seat.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR ?

WHO is my neighbour ? Is it he
 Whose house adjoins my own,
 Whose lot in life is thrown
 Within the same community ?

Is he my neighbour, who repairs
 With me to the same shrine ;
 Whose voice ascends with mine
 In alternating psalms and prayers ?

Who is my neighbour ? He whose creed
 Is quite in harmony
 With tenets held by me,
 And greets me with a warm God-speed ?

Is he my neighbour who at will
 With ease displays
 The glorious rays
 Of knowledge, scientific skill ?

My neighbour is that hapless soul—
 That child of want
 With hunger gaunt,
 O'er whom Misfortune's billows roll.

My neighbour is that man of crime
 On Ruin's brink,
 From whom we shrink,
 His manhood blighted in its prime.

My neighbour is that thoughtless youth ;
 My duty is
 In kindness
 To speak to him in soft reproof.

My neighbour is that peevish child
 Who weakly moans ;
 Its fretful tones
 Be mine to soothe with treatment mild.

The Indian with swarthy skin,
 The African,
 Or Yellow man,
 Are all my neighbours, kith and kin.

My neighbours everywhere are found—
 Where'er I roam,
 Abroad, at home—
 Scatter'd to Earth's remotest bound.

SPEAK NO ILL.

SPEAK no ill of one another
 Brethren, as ye tread Life's way—
 Remember each man is your brother,
 Say the best that you can say.

Children of one common Father,
 Dwellers in one common clay,
 'Stead of harshness should the rather
 Mutual tenderness display.

Speak no ill, but fondly cherish
 Charity within thy breast—
 Let all spleen and rancour perish,
 Overcome by that kind guest.

Speak no ill, no, not when even
 You are call'd to suffer wrong ;
 Forgive, if you would be forgiven,
 Bear it patiently ; be strong !

Speak no evil of your neighbour,
 Be not false or insincere ;
 Be not doubled-tongued, but labour
 To preserve a conscience clear.

Judge not harshly when some error
 Lies beneath your righteous gaze ;
 Be pitiful, fierce censure's terror
 Ne'er won sinners from their ways.

Speak no ill, but striving rather
 To do all the good we can,
 We shall please our Heavenly Father,
 While we bless our fellow-man.

"ACTIN' WEBB."

(A Briggus "do.")

FROM Halifax one summer day
 Some hardy youngsters bent their way
 To spend a jolly afternoon
 Down at Brookfoot. Behold them soon
 Where Calder pours along in pride
 His silvery pellucid tide.
 From where they stand they hear the brawl
 And rushing of the waterfall.
 'Twas natural that such a scene
 Should bring before their fancy keen
 Niagra fam'd and poor Webb's fate ;
 Whose doughty deeds to emulate
 One daring youth the thought conceiv'd.
 He in his inmost heart believ'd
 That safely o'er the aforesaid falls
 His frame could float ; so of his smalls
 He very soon himself divested,
 And sportively the current breasted.
 With pride he takes his varying strokes—
 Now "breast," now "side" ; their little jokes
 His comrades crack at his expense,
 While he enjoys himself "immense."
 Then one got in below the fall,
 In order if he heard him call
 For help, to render all the aid
 He could. "But he was not afraid," he said ;
 He'd heard chaps say to do it "reight"—
 To keep the body firm and straight
 Was all a fellow had to do,
 And let the current pull him through.
 So quite convinc'd that he was right,
 The youth prepar'd him for his flight.
 At first he got on very well,
 But "lack-a-day," sad truth to tell,
 His head shot under, and his feet
 Were overturn'd, and a complete
 Grand series of somersaults
 And unexpected graceful vaults
 He turn'd. With ooze and slime as black as ink,

The refuse wash'd up from the "Stink,"
 His frame was cover'd, and his bones,
 Through contact with the cruel stones,
 Fair "wark'd" again. O what a plight
 The youth was in, and what a sight
 Did he present as to the shore
 He struggl'd ! How his mates did roar
 With laughter at his sorry figure ;
 He was as black as any "nigger !"
 But sympathising with his griefs,
 They clean'd him with their handkerchiefs ;
 He left the spot in sober truth
 A sadder and a wiser youth,
 And as he homeward took his way
 He to his trusty chums did say :
 " I won't act Captain Webb no more ;
 I have had sufficient I am sure."

 CHARITY.

(" And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these thrée, but the greatest of these is Charity."—Corinthians xiii., 13.)

I SING the praise of Charity,
 That precious priceless rarity,
 O would that we could see,
 Amid the darksome noxious weeds
 Of unkind words and loveless deeds,
 More of its radiancy.

What pregnant seeds of grief and woe
 Do man's inhuman actions sow
 Within the soil of life,
 That duly in the social field
 Bring their inevitable yield
 Of malice, discord, strife !

How chang'd 'twould be, if only man
 Would study Nature's kindly plan,
 And, in its workings, see
 How seeming hostile forces move
 Each in its own appointed grove,
 Yet blend harmoniously.

Yon golden sun that gilds the plain,
 Soft dews and fertilizing rain,
 The frost, the changing wind—
 Divergent paths they all pursue,
 With one grand, common end in view—
 The good of human kind.

And shall these senseless forces roll
 Concordantly to their great goal,
 And godlike, reasoning man,
 By envy, malice, rancorous ire,
 By thoughtless selfishness conspire
 To mar the noble plan?

Ah no! within the heart's deep cell
 Rich chords of music latent dwell
 Which, waken'd from above
 By Charity's resistless hand,
 Shall rise and fall in cadence grand,
 The harmony of love.

In what doth Charity consist?
 In heading a subscription list?
 In giving to the poor?
 Altho' 'tis noble work indeed
 To minister to mortal need,
 Still it does something more.

In comprehensive, kind embrace
 It fain would fold the human race,
 And know nor castes nor creeds;
 Asking no party shibboleth,
 And having but one rule of faith--
 Not empty words—but deeds.

True Charity with tender art,
 Seeks to relieve the wounded heart,
 To comfort the forlorn;
 Doth e'er with sympathetic voice
 Rejoice with those who do rejoice,
 And mourn with them that mourn.

It doth not vaunt itself on high ;
 Nor view with supercilious eye,
 As of inferior breed—
 Those rear'd in Poverty's rude shed,
 'Mid dire privation nurtured,
 The hapless sons of need.

Doth not with exultation scan
 The errors of a fellow-man,
 But with a kindly voice
 Bids a poor wand'rer try again
 Virtue's fair pathway to regain,
 While angel hosts rejoice.

If to these ends our varying powers
 Were spent, Love, Joy, like lovely flowers,
 Would sweetly spring to birth ;
 All Discord's jarring notes would cease,
 And Plenty, universal Peace,
 Prevail upon the earth.

Thus let us pass Life's fleeting days,
 In varying spheres and varying ways
 Contributing our share
 To usher in Love's golden reign,
 That our dark earth may bloom again,
 Like Eden's garden fair.

For Faith and Hope must fade away,
 Ending with Life's little day,
 But greatest of the three—
 Triumphant o'er the conquering tomb,
 Immortal Charity shall bloom
 Through all Eternity.

THE YOUNG.

THE sanguine spirit of the young
 In roseate-tinted sheen
 Gilds every opening scene

Of Life ; Hope with her flattering tongue
 Singeth to them inspiring measures ;
 Fancy waves her magic wand
 And opens out her pictures grand—
 A realm replete with sweetest treasures
 Springs up before their eager gaze ;
 They bask them in the golden rays
 Of youth's irradiant, vigorous sun ;
 Onward impell'd by keen Desire,
 On steps that never seem to tire
 Athrough the busy course they run ;
 They roam through Pleasure's golden palace,
 Nectar draughts of joy they quaff
 From her brimming sparkling chalice ;
 With beaming eyes and merry laugh,
 Launched upon Life's swelling tide,
 Lightsomely their vessels glide ;
 Nought reck they of reefs and shoals,
 Careless, hopeful, sanguine souls.
 Pale-fac'd Care with wrinkl'd brow
 From the scene averts his gaze ;
 He quits the uncongenial clime,
 And sullenly abides his time,
 Which cometh soon he well doth know ;
 Future dark untoward days,
 When he shall sheathe his rankling dart
 Relentlessly in each sad heart.
 Ah ! youthful spirits, have your day,
 Be ye happy while ye may !
 Dream your bright illusive dreams,
 Treasure up the beauteous gleams,
 Revel in your fairy bowers,
 Pluck the rainbow-tinted flowers,
 Fill with bliss each fleeting day,
 All too soon will come the fray,
 With its tumults and alarms,
 Angry skies and clashing arms,
 When Fancy will have had her day,
 And stern fac'd Fact will wield the sway ;
 Then youthful souls, be blithe and gay,
 December soon doth follow May.

THE PORTRAIT OF A CRITIC.

I'M a self-appointed mentor, and it is my little plan
 To try and make myself as disagreeable as I can ;
 cultivate assiduously a pleasant little way
 Of being most offensive in what I have to say ;
 My highest happiness it is to wound the human heart,
 Give me the tiniest loophole, and with consummate art
 The keen edge of my sarcasm will I insinuate ;
 In all the varying games of life I strive to demonstrate
 O'er all mankind my measureless superiority ;
 So if you'd see a genius just turn your eyes on me.

My little mission is to feed the flickering flame of art,
 To science, music, poetry finality impart ;
 A lengthy start can I concede to Mr. Oscar Wilde,
 And all the Nine regard me as their dearest fav'rite child.
 If he were here I would not fear illustrious Apollo,
 While as for Socrates and Co., I'd simply beat them hollow.
 In the glorious realm of rhetoric I could with greatest ease
 Eclipse the classic Cicero, or great Demosthenes ;
 In short, search all this planet, and find me if you can
 Just such another talented and versatile a man.

With "eye-glass in my ocular" and classic brow severe,
 The bosoms of beginners do I inspire with fear ;
 I make a great impression upon inexperienced youth,
 Who regard me as an oracle, the fountain-head of truth ;
 No kind of game do I regard as *infra dignitatem*,
 Youth, age, or beauty, all alike, relentlessly I slate 'em ;
 "Week in week out, from morn till night," away at them I hammer,
 At this one's weak chronology, another's shaky grammar ;
 Full many a literary brow of laurels have I shorn,
 And made the wretched scribblers wish they never had been born.

Behold me in my sanctum as o'er the newest serial
 I flash my eagle optic with glances magisterial,
 I sentence pass upon it in something like this style—
 The orthography is dreadful, the syntax simply vile.
 I ne'er in all my lifetime read such execrable "rot,"
 The writer has no notion of working out a plot ;
 The people are insipid, the thoughts are bald and crude,
 And never quit the region of threadbare platitude.
 The manuscript I then dismiss without another look,
 And bid the author burn it and try to write a book.

Perchance a wretched dabbler in mediocre verse
 Invites my kind attention while his lines he doth rehearse
 I note his trepidation, although he strive to mask it,
 And cheerfully I mention the editorial basket ;
 I note his look dejected as I smiling hint that he
 Must not expect to mount far up the great Parnassian tree,
 Then for his delectation I crack a little joke
 About the flame poetic but ending oft in smoke ;
 And as away from me he turns with disappointed sigh,
 "There ! I think that's settled him," exultingly say I.

Should a man send me a letter that is somewhat poor in style,
 A rich vein of amusement it affords me for a while ;
 I show the wretched missive to acquaintances in town,
 And it is music in my ears to hear them run it down ;
 I care not for the poor man's want of opportunities,
 To ridicule his errors doth my fancy richly please ;
 What's that I hear you murmur—a breach of etiquette ?
 That is one of the few things I have to learn as yet,—
 That such a genius as I must be kept down by rules
 Formulated for the guidance of prim old-fashion'd fools.

But 'tis when at the opera I'm seen in all my glory,
 I take in with a single look the principals before me ;
 My ample stock of lyric lore I air with look profound,
 And raise my voice so it may reach the people sitting round :
 The contralto and the tenor they cannot sing at all,
 While as for the soprano—Lord, how the jade does squall !
 And the deep portentous frown that gathers o'er my face
 Displays my disapproval of the efforts of the bass ;
 They're but a set of marionettes, I say contemptuously,
 It ne'er was my misfortune a poorer lot to see.

And if I'm ask'd the question by some carping critic elf,
 How it is I never think of doing anything myself ?
 My answer is, why can't you see, I really am so throng
 Discovering the many ways where other folk go wrong,
 Besides—this little fact you have to bear in mind—
 My forte is the destructive, not the constructive kind ;
 And thus it is I pass the even tenour of my days,
 Content with shewing others the error of their ways ;
 My occupation, like Othello's, is gone if my wit
 May not display by noting other people's want of it.

A QUIET MIND.

THERE is a precious priceless gem ;
 No brilliant in a diadem
 Can boast a ray so pure, refin'd,
 That gem of gems—a quiet mind.

Some seek for bliss in Beauty's glance,
 Or Pleasure's giddy mazy dance ;
 More lasting bliss is theirs who find
 The heartsease of a quiet mind.

The dwellingplace where fancies sweet,
 Calm thoughts, and feelings exquisite
 In loving union are combined,
 Is that sweet cell—a quiet mind.

Though circumstances conflict wage,
 Though trouble's tempest swell and rage ;
 We can meet all with heart resign'd
 If we possess a quiet mind.

The friends in whom we would confide
 May prove as changeful as the tide ;
 No friend more constant can we find
 On earth, than this—a quiet mind.

Why mourn if the decree of Fate
 Assign to us a lowly state—
 Her hardest blows, howe'er unkind,
 Are harmless to a quiet mind.

Rank, riches, honour, power, name,
 Ambition's guerdon—deathless fame,
 What are they ?—baubles all combin'd,
 Compar'd unto a quiet mind.

The splendid son of lofty birth,
 With all the good things of the earth,
 Is poorer than the poorest hind,
 If he have not a quiet mind.

With heart prepar'd for good or ill,
 Endurance, courage, strength of will,
 Victor o'er all earth's ills combin'd
 Is he who hath a quiet mind.

CONSIDER THE FLOWERS.

CONSIDER ye the flowers
 That brightly deck the field ;
 Mark well the many lessons
 These voiceless teachers yield ;
 How powerfully they witness
 Of His unceasing care
 Whose Providence arrays them
 In garniture so fair !

Consider ye the flowers,
 In grace and beauty dight,
 Studding Earth's velvet carpet,
 Creation's jewels bright ;
 The lily's spotless whiteness,
 The daisy's ruddy hue,
 The yellow-tinted primrose,
 And violet darkly blue.

That King of mighty wisdom—
 Judea's royal sage—
 Who fathom'd all the knowledge
 And learning of his age ;
 In all his regal splendour.
 His wealth from distant seas,
 Was not—the Scriptures tell us—
 Array'd like one of these.

If God so clothe the flowers,
 That bloom so fair to-day,
 Which fade and droop to-morrow,
 And then are cast away ;
 Much more His human children
 Shall clothèd be and fed
 By Him, Whose Love hath number'd
 The hairs upon their head.

TRIP TO THE ISLE OF MAN.

(*The incidents herein recorded really took place, the parties being all Halifax people, who supplied the Author with the materials for the following effort.*)

IN dismal weather cold and grey,
One Monday morn there sail'd away
From Blackpool's pier a noble craft—
The celebrated "Bickerstaffe."

Upon the deck a group of ten—
"Six maidens fair, and four young men,
With merry faces, spirits high,
A close observer might descry.

About the deck they sport and run,
As they anticipate the fun
That waits them at the Isle of Man—
Towards which fast as e'er she can

The vessel hastes. O sad to tell
The misadventures that befell
These maidens six, and young men four,
Ere they were landed on the shore !

That dreaded scourge, alas ! is there,
Which French folk title *mal de mer*.
That terror of the rolling main
Sieved first of all upon Miss Jane.

It very quickly laid her low,
And downstairs soon she had to go,
Where, stretched upon the cabin floor,
She firmly vow'd that never more

Would she attempt to cross the main
Aboard the "Bickerstaffe" again,
Which pitch'd so awfully that day
As *hors de combat* thus she lay.

In another corner of this barque
A young man of the name of Park
Outstretch'd upon his beam-ends lies,
Viewing with sympathetic eyes

A lady in the pain's fierce grasp,
Supported by the timely clasp
Of a tar who volunteered to go
And see her safely down below.

Another youth with prudent heed,
In his sad time of pain and need
Clung to a spar, nor loos'd his hold
Lest overboard he might be roll'd.

Close by him were an aged couple
Loudly lamenting o'er their trouble ;
O take me home, my Nannie, cries
The old chap as he rolls his eyes.

Another youth then feels the qualm,
And calls out to his comrade Sam :
O deary me, I feel so queer ;
Fetch me a drink of nettle beer !

And one called ^{Arnold} Tom, as low he lies,
Unto his tender sweetheart cries :
Queenie O Annie, kindly let me rest
My weary head upon your breast.

[And there the lot of them lay spuing,
The sailors their nice task pursuing
Of waltzing round with mop and bucket,
To catch it in as up they chuck it.]

Two ^{brothers} sisters of the name of ^{Seed} Reed
Were very very bad indeed ;
So very bad in fact were they,
That on the deck they could not stay.

But how to get them down below
Was something none of them did know,
Till Steward took them 'neath his care,
And help'd along the luckless pair.

At length, suffice it for to say,
They reach'd their journey's end that day ;
And awful mad were they to find
The boat at least four hours behind

The stated time, as on the shore
 They quite expected to have four
 Clear hours at least the Isle to view ;
 Instead of which there's nought to do

But for each weary sea-sick sinner
 To try and pick a bit of dinner,
 And then to plough the briny main
 Aboard the "Bickerstaffe" again.

We won't attempt their weary track
 To follow as they journey back.
 'Tis said 'twas nine o'clock and past
 When they reach'd Blackpool's pier at last.

Each of them more than satisfied
 With what the "outing" had supplied ;
 Resolv'd Old Neptune to explore
 On board the "Bickerstaffe" no more.

THE PARTING.

THE sad dark hour draws on apace,
 My dearest love, when we must part,
 To wander for a dreary space
 In different scenes ; but in our heart
 Will we erect a temple fair,
 In it each other's form enshrine,
 And e'er in thought to it repair,
 Our hopes and thoughts to intertwine
 In true Love's firm indissoluble bond,
 And thus to grow more constant and more fond.

Farewell, my darling love, farewell !
 Alas ! I cannot longer stay ;
 Hark, hear you not the cruel bell
 Imperious calling me away ?
 But when o'er distant seas I roam
 My fond thoughts aye will fly to thee,
 As darts my vessel through the foam
 Oft like a vision shall I see
 Through storm and dark thy lovely face
 In spirit fold thee in my fond embrace.

AN AGED PILGRIM.

(In memory of the Author's Grandmother.)

AN aged pilgrim worn with years,
 Bow'd down beneath the load of Time,
 Hath left this realm of sighs and tears—
 This mortal clime.

Encompass'd in her earthy bed,
 Commingling with her kindred clay,
 Now rests she with the tranquil dead
 From Life's stern fray.

With patient constant faith she bore
 Her cross along Life's thorny road,
 Her eyes fix'd on that radiant shore—
 The saints' abode,

Athrough the gloomy vale she pass'd,
 And laid Life's heavy burden down—
 Her long'd-for haven gained at last—
 Her golden crown.

O'er her no more shall tempests sweep,
 Nor harsh winds of adversity;
 No earthly ills can break the deep
 Tranquility.

Death came to her as welcome friend,
 He came to bid her sorrows cease,
 And guide her with a gentle hand
 To endless peace.

She holds the victor's fadeless palm,
 Her feet now tread the golden street,
 Now joins she in the ceaseless psalm—
 Heaven's anthem sweet.

With those who long long years ago
 By Death were torn from her embrace
 She meets, no parting e'er to know—
 Meets face to face.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

WAIFS and strays—what tongue can tell
The woes that in those three words dwell ?
There lies within the sentence brief
A very universe of grief.

Waifs and strays—poor hapless ones,
Earth's suffering neglected sons ;
Cold is the heart that cannot bleed
With sorrow for their bitter need !

Waifs and strays—who sadly roam
Without a friend, without a home ;
Their footsteps follow'd by the gaunt
Grim apparition, grinding Want.

Waifs and strays—o'er whose dark way
Hope never throws a golden ray ;
To them appears no prospect bright,
But all is dark as densest night.

Waifs and strays—no kind caress,
No mother's smile to cheer and bless ;
No father's teachings sage and kind
To fortify, instruct the mind.

Waifs and strays—no lofty aim
Their feeble stunted powers claim—
Their highest hopes, their greatest good,
But perishing material food.

Waifs and strays—O boasted land
Of light and truth, uplift thy hand—
In tenderness and Christlike love
This stigma from thy midst remove !

Waifs and strays—philanthropists,
Be yours to dissipate the mists
That cloud the path of needy youth ;
Implant the seeds of virtue, truth.

Waifs and strays—O ye who know
No pang of want, no bitter woe—
List ! list ! unto the piercing cry
Of these poor souls who round you lie !

Waifs and strays—up, Chistian world !
 Let Love's bright banner be unfurl'd ;
 Inaugurate a new crusade
 'Gainst Evil's hostile hosts array'd.
 Dear Albion, arise in might,
 And take thy stand for truth and right ;
 Unite all parties, creeds, and classes—
 Thy watchword grand, Reform the Masses !

MORN.

THE blushing morn hath risen
 From his orient bed,
 Back to their gloomy prison
 Nightly shades are fled.
 Brightly Aurora beams on
 The wak'ning scene beneath her,
 With blending purple and crimson
 Staining the fields of ether ;
 Uprising vapours wreathing
 The mountain's rugged brow ;
 Delicious odours breathing,
 The breezes softly blow.
 The pretty flowers awaking
 From Slumber's close embrace,
 Bright pearly dewdrops shaking
 From their forms of grace.
 Birds with enchanting measure
 Hail the happy hour,
 O'er all the prospect Pleasure
 Reigns in gentle power.
 The grand High Priest of Nature—
 Yon majestic sun—
 The beauteous portraiture
 Beams benignly on.
 Man, awake from slumber,
 View the gorgeous sight ;
 Add your tuneful number,
 Praise the morning light !

EXPERIENCE.

EXPERIENCE is a pedagogue
Of aspect cold severe—

He has a large academy—

He rules his school by fear ;
His scholars are the human race,
The world at large his sphere,
And for the lessons he imparts
His charges oft are dear.

He teaches by the specious tongues

That spoke us seeming fair,
And then our confidence abus'd—

Entrapp'd us in a snare ;
'Tis often by his painful aid
Betwixt the false, the true,
We learn how to discriminate
Which to retain, eschew.

And oft some pupils fail to learn

The lessons he would teach,
Regarding not the useful lore
He puts within their reach ;
But blindly grope along engulph'd
In darksome gloom of night,
As if they had no eyes to see
His guiding beacon light.

Oft, warn'd by him, we learn to shun

The bright alluring snare ;
When wavering 'twixt right and wrong,
In solemn tones " Beware !"

He cries—" rash mortal, stay thy foot,
Shame, bitterest remorse

Lie in the pathway ; turn about
And choose a wiser course !"

His teachings are as medicine

That, bitter to the tongue,
Like tonics on the feeble frame

Do act and make it strong ;
That knowledge we most dearly prize
For which we have to pay,
And oft it is through Sorrow's night
We pass to Joy's fair day.

Some quickly take his lessons in
 While others are but slow ;
 On such, their wit to accelerate,
 He deals the frequent blow.
 And some there are so dull that e'en
 He needs must fail to teach—
 Reason and judgment strive in vain
 Their darken'd soul to reach.

He shews to us the wisest plans
 By which results are gain'd ;
 How Life's unnumber'd purposes
 Are easiest attain'd ;
 In every varying path of life,
 In Labour's field or mart,
 Embracing Science's domains,
 The beauteous realm of Art.

He daily to each one of us
 In tones of warning cries ;
 Would we his premonitions heed
 We were the truly wise.
 Then let us heed his guiding voice,
 And spare ourselves the pain
 And ills that surely follow them
 To whom he speaks in vain.

TO A ROSE.

PURE fragrant thing, whose lovely hue
 And tender form present so true
 A type of mortal state ;
 In thy frail beauty we may trace
 Resemblance to our fragile race,
 And emblem of our fate.

Thy destiny—to bask awhile
 Beneath the bright sun's genial smile,
 Array'd in brilliant bloom ;
 To flourish for a transient day,
 And then to languish and decay,
 O'erwhelmed in deathly gloom.

FADED LEAVES.

POOR faded leaves, my spirit grieves
 To see you lifeless lying,
 Or whirling round with rustling sound,
 Before the rude wind flying.

Yellow and sere, while darkness drear
 Enshrouds the face of Nature ;
 Dun leaden skies hide from our eyes
 Her beautiful portraiture.

O'er hill and dell the fun'ral knell
 Of Summer 's sadly ringing,
 In eager bands to distant lands
 The birds their flight are winging.

When gentle Spring his rainbow wing
 Wav'd gaily o'er the prospect,
 How fresh and green your forms were seen,
 How fair then was your aspect !

When Summer fair cast everywhere
 Rich gleams of golden glory,
 And skies were dight in sweet warm light,
 And Hope told her bright story,

I saw ye then in wood and glen
 Amidst the flowerets pretty ;
 The birds would come to your calm home,
 And sing their love's sweet ditty.

Now Autumn brown looks sadly down,
 His eyes the teardrops laving,
 The shivering trees in the chill breeze
 Their thinning branches waving.

Pale yellow leaves, my spirit grieves
 Thus to behold you lying,
 In your sad fate the fragile state
 Of man exemplifying.

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

THE spirit of Spring
 Is a-murmuring
 This genial April day ;
 All seems to wear
 The promise fair
 Of merry smiling May.

Old Winter keen
 With deep chagrin
 Perceives his empire ended,
 And in dismay
 He hies away
 By his cold blasts attended.

The primrose yellow
 And his fair fellow,
 The lily of the valley,
 Like stars of light,
 Shine gaily bright
 In many a vernal alley.

The skies a veil
 Of silver pale
 Wear o'er their mantle blue ;
 The drifting crowds
 Of fleecy clouds
 Are ting'd with many a hue.

Flora, coy maiden,
 Comes richly laden
 With sweetest earliest treasures,
 The soft south breeze
 Amid the trees
 Murmurs its soothing measures.

All Nature's voice
 Calls out " Rejoice !"
 O heart of man, be gay ;
 With pleasure greet
 This season sweet,
 And cast your care away

THE RETURN TO WISDOM.

RESPONSIVE to thy gentle voice,
 O Wisdom fair, my errant steps,
 That from thy pleasant paths so long
 Have stray'd, again to thee I bend,
 From dazzling Folly's winding maze,
 And all those transitory things
 That o'er my feeble will so long
 Have rul'd with iron despotic sway.
 I come again to thee, and yield
 My lowly homage, and that love
 So long withheld, but now restor'd.
 Too long have I thy lovely charms
 And tender winning wiles withstood.
 All vainly thy inviting voice
 Hath sounded on my heavy ears,
 Summoning me unto thy side ;
 My blinded eyes refus'd to see
 Thee beckoning with thy gentle hand,
 And pointing up the rugged steep
 Of Duty. But I turn'd from it
 To follow Inclination's bent,
 And yielded up to worldly joys
 My powers, in th' eager search
 Of phantom Pleasure, all bewitch'd
 By her voluptuous form and voice
 Of syren sweetness, whose loud notes
 Quite overwhelm'd thy gentler tones.
 Enslaving my enraptur'd heart,
 She led me captive at her will,
 And soon o'er me attain'd complete
 Ascendancy, and all the love
 That formerly for thee I felt
 Seem'd vanquish'd by this new-found love.
 Beneath her bright seductive smile
 (So like the wreckers' deadly fire
 Shining athwart the stormy sea
 To lure the vessel to her doom)
 I long did bask, and fondly hugg'd
 The chains that did my soul enthrall.
 Long time in this " Fool's Paradise "

Did I sojourn, until at length
 Her draughts of nectar 'gan to pall
 Upon my taste, her luscious fruits
 To ashes turn'd upon my tongue,
 The halo, which around her head
 Imagination's hand had thrown,
 Vanish'd, and one by one her charms
 Seem'd leaving her each time I gaz'd ;
 Until, of all her tinsel stript
 At length, and in the balance true
 Of Reason weigh'd—the crucial test—
 Calm Judgment then, in sternest tones,
 Pronounced her wanting in those things
 That minister to highest need,
 And lacking the sweet healing balm
 To mitigate the pains that Time
 Inflicts, possessing not the power
 To nourish in man's craving soul
 Those aspirations lofty, great,
 That e'er should find a dwelling there ;
 And destitute that subtle skill
 Wherewith to heal a wounded heart,
 All impotent the soul to cheer
 In that most gloomy trying time,
 When treasures fail, and friends depart
 And leave the bosom vacant, sad,
 Like some deserted banquet hall,
 When all the revelry and mirth,
 Delicious music, dancers fair,
 The garlands gay, resplendent lights,
 Have faded from the lonesome scene.
 Or in the hour when all our hopes,
 Like flowers fragrantless and dead,
 Lie scatter'd o'er Life's dreary plain
 Before the wind of adverse Fate—
 Those flimsy structures that our minds
 Have elevated with such care,
 Demolish'd by the ruthless hand
 Of hoary Time, the fell destroyer !
 'Twas thus Reflection, with a train
 Of haunting memories, sojourn'd

Within the cloisters of my mind :
Before the haze-dispelling rays
Of light from Truth's translucent sun,
The mists and clouds that so obscur'd
My mental vision were dispers'd,
And then I saw with wond'ring eye
The labyrinthine devious paths
Through which my inconsiderate steps
Had rashly swept, in quest of that
Fleet frolic Pleasure, that so oft
Appear'd within my eager grasp,
Then vanish'd like the false mirage,
Which to the traveller's wistful eye
Presents o'er arid desert wastes
The semblance of an oasis,
The thought of whose refreshing shades,
Reviving waters, feathery palms,
With hope upbuoys the sinking heart,
And to the nigh exhausted steps
Of man and beast afford new strength
To strain to reach the welcome spot,
And then in disappointment dire
And dark despair enshroudeth all
By fleeing from their longing eyes
Just when relief appears most near !
Then how Regret's deep mournful tones
Swept through my agitated breast
When I perceiv'd my idol lie
Shatter'd and wreck'd, upon whose shrine
I all my varying gifts had laid,
My manhood wasted, strength abus'd,
And talents, opportunities,
All irrecoverably lost,
Flung recklessly by me away !
The miserable fatuity
I deeply cursed that led me on
The hollow shadow to pursue,
Then, as to Jewry's Sage of yore,
Life's total sum appear'd to me
But all as emptiness itself ;
The baubles I so highly priz'd

And fondly to my bosom clasp'd
Seem'd now with adder's venom'd tooth
My very vitals' strings to gnaw ;
Like ghastly spectres to my sight,
That mock'd and jeer'd me in my pain.
And then methought the substance real,
Of life in all its power and grace
To me appeared, in glorious garb
Of truth, and virtue, spotless white ;
It shew'd to me that happiness
In earthly good doth not consist ;
That mere enjoyment cannot yield
Unto the never-dying soul
The highest good, the truest gain.
I likewise saw that peace and joy,
In all their fulness are but found
In ever hark'ning to the voice
Of Duty, and her high behests
To conscientiously fulfil ;
To toil with zeal unquenchable
To benefit and bless our kind,
And labour bravely to remove,
To our abilities' extent,
Some of the evils that afflict
And scourge our poor humanity.
To wage a fierce incessant war
'Gainst everything ignoble, mean,
And ceaseless seek to manifest
In countless ways our interest
In everything whose object is
The welfare, progress of Mankind.
To cheer the weary drooping heart,
Sinking beneath the storms of life,
By deeds of love and kindliness ;
To seek in tenderness to win
Some erring spirit to the side
Of virtue, honour, self-respect ;
To strive to tear the darkening veil
Of ignorance from off the mind,
And let the radiant beams of truth
Shine into every dark recess ;

To censure justly when some deed
Of wrong, of grasping fraud arouse
Stern Indignation's furnace glow.
To let kind Pity's precious tears
Flow freely forth when in the ear
Is breath'd the mournful tale of woe—
The recital of pinching need ;
To deal forth with unstinting hand,
As stewards of a gracious Lord,
The bounties of our scrip and store,
And alleviate the pangs of want.
This is to live, and truly live,
In sweet accordance with the plan
Of Him Whose gracious will it is
That all the creatures of His hand
Should, in the intercourse of life,
By tender love reciprocal,
And mutual dependency,
In tolerant forbearance due,
And world-embracing charity,
Diffuse around reflections bright
Of His own glorious attributes.
This is the soil in which the soul
May flourish, and a harvest rich
Of bliss ineffable e'er reap.
Each little ministry of love,
Or noble act of self-denial,
Each effort on behalf of Truth,
And every prayer to Heav'n breath'd
O'er some benighted wanderer,
Or lonely vigil nightly kept
By bedside of the helpless sick,
The wise reproof in love addressed
Unto the ear of reckless youth,
Are enter'd in that volume great,
The Book of Life, where names of saints
Are ineffaceably inscrib'd
By the recording Angel's pen.
This our imperishable renown,
The glorious unfading prize
To summon forth our noblest powers—

THE HERO.

Eternal life in yon blest realm--
 Where ceaseless antiphons of praise
 Are render'd by enraptur'd hosts,
 Souls everlastingly redeem'd ;
 Safe in their haven long desir'd,
 From mundane tribulation free ;
 There, where no surging waves of sin
 Disturb the deep tranquility ;
 Pain, fear, and anxious doubt no more
 Depressing influences exert ;
 No ill can reach those happy souls,
 Emancipated from the chain
 Of finite frail humanity,
 Basking beneath the dazzling light
 Proceeding and deriv'd from Him,
 Tho Lamb, Who is the Light thereof.
 This then, my soul, thy lofty aim—
 To tread the pathway of the just,
 To dedicate thy time, thy gifts
 Unto His glory, Whose thou art ;
 That thus the priceless hours of life,
 Which, once gone, ne'er can be recall'd,
 May find thee, as they wing their flight,
 Wiser, and nobler, and more true ;
 Reflecting ever in thy path
 Rich rays of the transcendent light
 Of Him Who lighteth all the world.

THE HERO.

ACCORDING to the vulgar mind,
 True heroism would we find,
 Grim Battle's gory fatal field
 Doth highest type of heroes yield.
 They tell us that the "man of war"
 A hero is superior far
 To those who in a peaceful sphere
 Their country serve from year to year.
 They picture him amid the glare
 Of lurid flames, when trumpets blare,
 And cannon bright and bay'net keen
 Engag'd in mortal strife are seen.

But are no heroes to be found
Save only on the tented ground ?
Does sanguinary Mars supply
The highest form of chivalry ?

Ah no ! heroes as true as great
Are found in varying estate,
Amongst the sons of lowly name,
As well as those of rank and fame.

He truly is a hero, who,
At Duty's summon's ever true,
Discharges well his daily task
And honestly disdains to bask

In sunshine of the great man's smile
By dint of simulating guile,
And play with double-minded cant
The role of servile sycophant ;

But clad in Virtue's white array
Will tread Life's journey day by day ;
His watchword, Honour, Truth his guide,
And take his part with manly pride.

A faithful husband, parent dear,
A trusty comrade, prompt to cheer
With ready aid and sympathy
At sound of Sorrow's plaintive cry.

With kindly comprehensive mind
He suffers with his suff'ring kind ;
No stickler he for forms and creeds,
His rule of faith, not words, but deeds.

He e'er with patriotic pride
Rallys around his country's side,
Foremost in Danger's gloomy hour
To stand against a hostile power.

This man, whatever his estate,
A hero is, true, noble, great ;
However lowly his degree,
Or ill preserv'd his pedigree.

THE GREEN DELL.

I LOVE the lone dell in its fair robe of green,
 When the bonnie blue harebell and violet are seen,
 As the sweet breath of summer perfumes the soft breeze,
 While winds murmur soft in the foliag'd trees ;
 When songsters' sweet notes on the balmy air swell,
 Yes a beauteous place is the lonely green dell.

How fair is the view when Morn rosy bright
 Bathes mountain and vale in its orient light,
 The sombre dun clouds scudding swiftly away,
 Unable to cope with Aurora's bright ray ;
 O would I could picture the beauties that dwell
 In the prospect when Morning smiles on the green dell !

How gorgeous the aspect reveal'd to the gaze
 Contemplated when Noon's meridian rays
 With a mantle of gold enfold the fair scene
 And heighten the tint of its vesture of green ;
 Then the heart of the lover of Nature doth swell
 As he feasts on the charms of the lonely green dell.

Sweet is the green dell in its soberer mien,
 When Evening presides o'er the fairy-like scene ;
 Old Sol's grander glories have faded from sight,
 Reluctantly yielding his rule unto Night ;
 And Solitude throws over all a deep spell,
 I love then to roam through the lonely green dell.

When the wearied out birds droop their head on their breast.
 And tranquilly in their green coverts rest,
 The flowerets drooping their beautiful heads
 While the silvery dew glistens bright on their beds,
 And plaintive night breezes their soft moanings swell
 How soothing to roam through the lonely green dell !

CRICKET MATCH—"GUARDIAN." v. "COURIER."

(With apologies to W. S. Gilbert.)

I HAVE a song to sing O
 What is your song O
 'Tis the doleful theme of a cricket team,
 Who played to a laughing throng O
 To the Fountain Head, with bosoms gay,
 They went their foemen proud to play ;
 They did their best, but lost the day,
 And sad at heart they came away—
 Beat by the men of the *Courier*.
 Heyde, heyde,
 Misere me, lackaday-de ;
 Their pains are o'er,
 They'll play no more,
 All through meeting the *Courier*.

I have a song to sing O
 Sing us your song O
 'Tis a mournful strain of woe and pain,
 For the *Guardian* team went wrong O
 The George-street lads were like to fall
 When their two best bats came out first ball ;
 It flayed 'em so they could hardly crawl
 To the sticks to face the *Courier*.
 Heyde, heyde, &c., &c.

I have a song to sing O
 This is the song O
 The winners' glee o'er their victory,
 But they must not crow too strong O
 Nor lift their noses high in air ;
 For some who saw the game declare,
 Had the *Guardian* "Fielding" been all there,
 There wouldn't have been a deal to spare
 In the scoring of the *Courier*.
 Heyde, heyde,
 Misere me, lackaday-de,
 The match is o'er,
 So *Au revoir*
 Says the *Guardian* to the *Courier*.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

I LOVE the peaceful hour when night
 In garb of sombre sable dight,
 Fix'd firmly on her ebon throne,
 Enfolds the scene from zone to zone,
 And o'er a weary slumb'ring world
 The ensign of her power unfurl'd
 Serenely floats o'er land and sea,
 When grassy mound and verdant lea,
 Copse and woodland, vale and hill,
 Are wrapp'd in silence deep and still ;
 Earth's thousand noises lull'd to rest
 Upon her round revolving breast.
 As when in robe of tender blue
 The boundless sky appears to view,
 Upon whose ample bosom clear
 Numberless myriads appear
 Of tiny stars, their taper light
 Twinkling tremulously bright,
 With sparkling scintillating gleam,
 Like gems in regal crown they seem.
 Or when the pale queen of the night
 Sheds o'er the earth her mellow light,
 Enveloping the mundane scene
 In a bright vest of soften'd sheen ;
 Her mellow all-pervading beams
 Appear like lucid silvery streams
 That softly gild the sloping hill,
 Reflected in the waters still,
 Illuminating winding glen,
 Tangl'd brake, and mossy fen,
 Lingering with fond desire
 On the tapering village spire ;
 Or tranquil wood's sequester'd ground,
 Breezes wandering around
 Where the birds and flow'rets rest,
 By the calm God oppress'd.
 'Tis then, O calm mysterious Night,
 I love to ponder with delight
 Upon thy charms. At such an hour,
 I own thy soul-subduing power.

Then, then, my feeble lyre would raise
Her humble notes of grateful praise
In tributes to each pleasing charm
Of thy fair beauty chaste and calm.
But not thy beauties, Night, alone
Call forth the eulogistic tone ;
Other attributes thou hast
Of worth and virtue unsurpass'd.
As when the wearied sons of men
Have laid them down to woo again
A respite brief from toils and care,
Thy busy gentle hand repairs
The ravages that labour, thought,
Upon their feeble frame have wrought,
And, yielding to thy soft embrace,
They enter on a transient space
Of balmy undisturb'd repose,
And each thy freshening power knows,
Equipping him again to play
His part in the approaching day,
When in the world's arena great,
Each in his varying estate,
Performeth his respective part
In lonely field or busy mart.
Not only for thy healing power,
O Night, love I thy stilly hour :
Thou hast for me peculiar charms
E'en in the tempest's wild alarms ;
As when the wind from feeble moan
Increases fast in strength of tone,
Until in culminating roar
Of mighty strength it rages o'er
The prospect, dashing o'er the plain
In proud contempt and high disdain.
All, all are phases dear to me ;
In all my fancy seems to see
Such secret views of Nature's power
As well repay the frequent hour
I've spent in reverie and thought,
Profound excogitations fraught
With aspirations deep and strong

Unto the poet's varying song.
 How pleasant, too, the musing hour,
 When, 'neath the spell of Mem'ry's power,
 Our fond thoughts travel swiftly back
 Athwart the dim expansive track
 That Time's fleet footstep intervenes
 Between the past and present scenes ;
 As through the vista of past years
 We fondly gaze, how bright appears
 The light of days forgotten long ;
 What varying emotions throng
 As old associations dear
 Before us rise distinctly clear !
 With eyes bedimm'd with tears we see
 Familiar scenes, where blithesomely
 In childhood's sunny hour we stray'd,
 The flowery dell, the winding glade,
 Where Nature rob'd in all her charms
 Bath'd the pure air in fragrant balms.
 O sweetest hours of purest joy,
 Untainted by Sin's foul alloy !
 How oft our roving restless eye
 Gazed up to the great wide sky,
 Viewing with childish innocence
 The wonders of Omnipotence !
 Oh, with what tender subtle sky
 Those precious hours of childhood still
 Their blissful memories interweave
 Amid the warp of things that grieve.
 When mourning o'er Temptation's power,
 We pass the lonely midnight hour,
 Then 'tis that o'er the troubl'd breast
 A wave of yearning unexpress'd
 Sweeps o'er the ocean of our pain.
 We would that we were young again.
 When sinful thoughts and deeds of shame
 Imperious the attention claim,
 And Memory's relentless hand,
 Imprints, as with an iron braid
 A sense of Sin's tyrannic power,
 And self-condemn'd we sink and cower.

Then, then, we bitterly contrast
 The present with the blissful past,
 And sigh and yearn, but all in vain,
 For Childhood's innocence again.
 O ye who from fair Virtue's way
 May tempted be to err and stray,
 When Sin's allurements seeming fair
 Present the subtle specious snare,
 And Passion's fierce devouring fire
 Prompts the lascivious desire ;
 Raise, raise the earnest prayer on high,
 That He Who rear'd the vaulted sky,
 Whose all-controlling power doth sweep
 Resistless o'er the mighty deep ;
 Form'd the round world and all therein,
 Will 'twixt the surging waves of sin
 And your frail natures interpose,
 And scatter wide your deadly foes.
 If thus from guile ye guarded be,
 And every thought of evil flee,
 Ye ne'er shall dread the nightly hour,
 Nor Mem'ry's reproducing power ;
 Then shall your path through Life's rough way
 Be lighted by Hope's guiding ray ;
 Each day some sweet new link supply
 Connecting you with days gone by,
 Until Life's fleeting race is run,
 And Immortality's begun
 In yonder blessed realm of light,
 The home of bliss, where there's no night.

A TRIBUTE.

(Lines written on picking up a small volume of poetry, written by a poor working man, whose name the Author cannot remember.)

MODEST little volume,
 Clad in lowly guise,
 Plain and unattractive
 Unto vulgar eyes ;
 Homely basket holding
 Fruit and flowers fair ;
 Casket plain enfolding
 Jewels rich and rare.

THE POET'S WORLD.

Studded thy small pages
 With rich gems of thought,
 Meet for learned sages,
 From experience brought ;
 Fruit of pleasant flavour,
 Nurtur'd in the soil
 Of honest brave endeavour
 Mid Life's weary moil.

Bread upon the waters,
 By thy Author cast,
 In unlikely quarters
 Found maybe at last
 By some kindly spirit,
 After many days,
 So that patient merit
 Wins its meed of praise.

 THE POET'S WORLD.

THE poet inhabits a world of his own,
 A realm of his own creation ;
 His mind is his kingdom, his fancy his throne,
 His wealth his imagination.
 His fleet-wingèd thoughts are the slaves of his will,
 Aye ready to go where he sends them—
 To roam over lake, meadow, valley, and hill,
 Wherever his pleasure commands them.
 True lover of Nature in every phase,
 His eye can perceive her fair beauty,
 Conceal'd from the worldling's material gaze ;
 Her service is bliss, not mere duty
 Perform'd in a cold, perfunctory way,
 But a deep, ever-deepening pleasure,
 The heart's willing yielding to Nature's soft sway ;
 Yes, this is the bard's richest treasure.
 He knows that the mistress he faithfully serves
 Is as kind as she's peerlessly beautiful,
 A handmaid benign whose heart never swerves
 From her followers patient and dutiful.

A PASTORAL.

YE Shepherd swains, to me give ear.
 See, bright Sol hides his glowing crest
 Behind the curtains of the west !
 And mild-eyed Evening draweth near
 In dusky robes and shimmering veil.
 With visage beautiful, tho' pale,
 She walks the ethereal streets along
 Attended by a brilliant throng
 Of courtiers clad in silvery sheen,
 Bright subjects of a beauteous queen.
 The wearied birds are slumbering,
 Deep stillness wrappeth everything ;
 The flow'rets close their starry eyes,
 And like a pearly necklace lies
 The dew upon each slender stem.
 Æolus breathes a requiem
 O'er the departing gleam of day ;
 The owlet from the turret grey
 Utters its piercing plaintive cries ;
 Round the blind bat whirling flies.
 The lover to the lonely grove
 Telleth the story of his love ;
 He tunes his lowly Doric reed
 To her, alas ! who will not heed,
 Soft Lydian strains, which, as they swell,
 Interpret but alas ! too well
 The pangs that in his bosom dwell.
 Ye shepherds, all due watch must keep,
 From danger guard your helpless sheep
 That in the fold contented feed ;
 As night approaches, pay due heed
 Lest Reynard come, the wily thief,
 With gleaming eye and cruel teeth ;
 Or wolf that bays with hollow cry
 The moon as she sails calmly by.
 Shepherd swains, to me attend,
 Well your helpless charges tend ;
 If one weary eye must sleep
 Let the other vigil keep,
 Till the first faint crimson ray
 Herald the approach of day.

POVERTY.

OF all the ills that flesh is heir to
 There is not one to be compar'd to
 The cursèd ill of poverty ;
 In it exists, it seems to me,
 A multifarious misery,
 The aggregate of all the woes
 That agitate and discompose
 The mighty sea of mortal life,
 And wrack the human breast with strife.
 Foul source prolific from whence flow
 Dark streams which poison as they go. .
 Frail mortals, render'd desperate
 By want, privation, perpetrate
 Actions from which their hearts recoil ;
 But, tempted by the thought of spoil,
 They haste to satisfy their needs
 By ruthless predatory deeds.
 How often, too, the beauteous maid,
 In youthful innocence array'd,
 Is yielded up a sacrifice
 To him who bids the highest price ;
 Perchance, to save the family pride.
 Becomes a sad, unwilling bride—
 Warm youth allied to palsied age,
 Condemn'd, poor soul, upon Life's stage
 To represent her wretched part,
 Who gives the hand without the heart.
 Or mark that youth whose thoughtful brow
 The stamp of genius doth show ;
 Converse with him, and you shall find
 He has superior powers of mind ;
 His eyes beam with intelligence,
 But galling, grinding indigence
 Holds him within its iron chain ;
 His mental labour is in vain :
 The world at large may never know
 The mighty, glorious thoughts that glow
 Within the furnace of his brain ;
 Hence grand inventions with their train.
 Of useful offspring may be lost

For lack of means to pay their cost.
 See Virtue, bow'd 'neath heavy load,
 Limp painfully along Life's road,
 Winning but by incessant strife
 His daily bread, the prospect rife
 With doubt, anxiety, and fear.
 As he surveys his lov'd ones dear,
 Misgivings well nigh overwhelm him o'er
 Of what the future hath in store.
 The invalid with pale, worn face,
 Who longing yearns for change of place—
 The health-imparting genial air
 Of some salubrious climate, where
 A rest from Life's unceasing strain
 May bring back health and strength again.
 Alas ! against such luckless mortals
 Are firmly clos'd the pleasant portals
 Leading unto the happy ground
 Where ease, rest, peace, and hope are found.
 Yet have I, wondrous to relate,
 Heard prolix orators dilate,
 With unctuous sonorosity
 On the blessedness of poverty ;
 Employing sundry pious saws
 And platitudes about the laws
 Of Nature, to persuade their hearers
 To see the beauties of such theories.
 They strive to shew 'tis Heaven's will
 That some should eat and drink their fill
 Of Earth's good things all through their life,
 While others have its care and strife.
 But me these preachers but amuse
 As they express their simple views
 With prim, smug face, and pious air ;
 'Tis easy work for those who share
 The benefits which means afford—
 To say—O trust ye in the Lord !
 Commit yourselves unto His care
 Who, in His gracious goodness ne'er
 Will see His children lacking bread.
 I sometimes fancy, if instead

A JINGLE.

Of favouring us with such discourses,
 These worthies from their own resources
 Would help the poor, whose pain and care,
 They from the pulpit oft declare
 They do so earnestly deplore,
 They'd do a very great deal more
 To win the masses to their side
 Than oratory's flowing tide,
 However orthodox and true,
 Will ever have the power to do.

A JINGLE.

YE men of the rhyming fraternity,
 Upon whom with smiles of maternity
 The Goddess divine
 Doth tenderly shine,
 Bright Poesy's gay confraternity.

Ye courtiers in Nature's sweet palaces,
 Who quaff from her joy-laden chalices,
 Whose mystical art
 To each poetic heart,
 Ambition, joy, comfort, and solace is.

Unlearned in lore academical ;
 Remote far from factions polemical,
 Philosophical schools
 Where they lay down the rules
 Of *leges* mechanical, chemical.

Bred and born in Worth's doughty democracy,
 To which the dull-brain'd mediocrity
 Has admittance denied,
 In spite of his pride,
 Though a scion of earth's aristocracy.

Though the world at large pay little heed to you,
 Materialists say there's no need for you ;
 Yet this sad world of ours
 May be cheer'd by the flowers
 Ye throw o'er its path, so God speed to you.

WHERE ARE THE NINE ?

WHERE are the nine ? in accents sad
 Once ask'd the Christ, Who came to men
 To heal their souls and make them glad ;
 But one return'd ; were there not ten ?

Where are the nine ? there is but one !
 Sadly exclaim'd the Son of Man,
 To thank God for the mercy shewn,
 But one—this poor Samaritan.

Long centuries have roll'd their course
 Since Jesus trod Life's weary way ;
 And yet, with still increasing force,
 The question might be ask'd to-day :

Where are those souls on whom the Lord
 So much of earthly good bestows ?
 Alas ! sad answer to record—
 But one of ten whose bosom glows

With warmth of genuine gratitude.
 Alas ! how very few who raise
 To Him, the Giver of all Good,
 Tributes of grateful, heartfelt praise.

Shall He Who op'd His sacred veins
 To cleanse us from a fouler blot
 Than leprosy's dread, loathsome stains ;
 Can such a Saviour be forgot ?

Lord ! in Thy boundless plenitude
 Of power and grace, our hearts endue
 With never-ceasing gratitude,
 And strength to follow Thee anew.

Acknowledging in all our ways,
 Eternal Lord ! thy love and power,
 O be Thou with us all our days
 Our Hope, our Wisdom, and our Tower !

AN AUTUMN MEMORY.

ONE afternoon in Autumn,
 The sky was drear and gray,
 Absorb'd in meditation
 I took my lonely way.

It was in Essex County,
 Near unto Ingatestone—
 A little rural hamlet
 Sequester'd and unknown.

Most dreary was the prospect—
 The trees were well-nigh bare ;
 No birdlings' merry trilling
 Resounded on the air.

The hedges were all dripping
 With freshly-fallen rain ;
 The breeze was sadly moaning,
 Like one in mortal pain.

As if in sore displeasure,
 The Sun withheld his ray ;
 In sodden'd yellow clusters
 The dead leaves thickly lay.

Gleam'd through the tangl'd hedges
 The berry's crimson head ;
 The tiny acorn cower'd
 Within its leafy bed.

No sound disturb'd the stillness
 But the cawing of the crows,
 Sitting in solemn conclave
 Upon the leafless boughs.

All Nature was a-mourning,
 Her darling Summer fled,
 And freely fell her teardrops
 Upon Earth's humid bed.

And as I stroll'd on, musing,
The solemn passing bell
'Gan suddenly a-ringing
Its sad resounding knell.

Then, gazing up the roadway
Far as the eye could see,
I dimly saw some figures
Slowly approaching me.

Becoming then quite curious
To know what this might be,
That seem'd like a procession
Advancing steadily ;

My laggard step I quicken'd
Into an eager stride,
And in another moment
A touching scene I eyed :

'Twas a little funeral party
Walking with solemn tread,
Bearing a tender infant
Unto its earthy bed.

No sable plumes were nodding
In sombre gorgeous state ;
No pageant incidental
To obsequies of the great.

There was the tiny coffin
Borne on a farmer's cart,
Drawn by a little donkey,
That seem'd to play its part

Just as the human mourners,
Walking with subdued tread,
A young child held the bridle
And gently strok'd its head.

The broken-hearted parents
Follow'd the lowly bier,
Throbbing with deep emotion,
Shedding affection's tear

THE GIFT OF POETRY.

O'er the sweet bud they cherish'd,
 Now fragrantless and dead,
 The day-star of their dwelling,
 Their light of life now fled.

With thoughts too deep for language
 Gaz'd I upon the scene,
 The lowly little cortège,
 The parents' sorrow keen,

Until a pathway leading
 Unto the burial place
 The little party enter'd,
 And faded from my gaze.

THE GIFT OF POETRY.

AS wandering breezes careless sweep
 The strings of an Æolian lyre,
 Awakening Music from her sleep ;
 So often the poetic fire
 In richest waves of fervour rolls
 O'er many unknown lowly souls.

Just as from each unconscious string,
 Sway'd by the breeze's gentle power,
 Rich varying chords of music wing
 Their flight athrough the stilly hour—
 So oft from lowliest sons of earth
 Come tender strains which owe their birth

To some mysterious power within,
 Beneath whose hidden gentle sway,
 They calmly move amid the din
 And conflict of Life's fleeting day—
 A beautiful refining guest,
 The joy, the solace of their breast.

A treasure to the world unknown
 Oft by some nameless one possessed ;
 How rich the spirit that doth own
 A gem so rare, his lot how bless'd !
 To what grand heights may he not rise
 With such a rich and precious prize !

THE PRIEST'S SECRET.

(Suggested by a picture in Gray's window.)

TIS now the tranquil placid hour
 Of Evening, bird, beast, and flower
 Are wrapp'd in undisturb'd repose ;
 Day's wearied monarch downward goes,
 Illuming with his dying gleam
 Hill, landscape, meadow, winding stream.
 Pale Cynthia, Creation's queen,
 Benignly vieweth the fair scene—
 On high she hangs her silvery lamp ;
 The faithful stars with steady tramp
 Patrol the wide ethereal camp.
 In friendliness they seem to smile
 Upon the gray cathedral pile—
 Scintillating, trembling, gleaming,
 Through the colour'd windows streaming,
 Blending with the sacred light
 On the altar burning bright,
 Softening the cold grey stone ;
 While the Vesper's solemn tone
 Floating on the stilly air
 Calls the monks and nuns to prayer.
 Pass they on in holy column,
 While rich music grandly solemn
 Through the massy fane is roll'd
 From the organ's mouth of gold ;
 As, in the antique chamber high,
 Absorb'd in fervent rapture, I
 Touch with a sympathetic hand
 The polished keys, and melting chords
 Summon forth at my command—
 Strains too beautiful for words,
 Which, as they vibrate and roll
 Flood with bliss my listening soul.
 Then Fancy, from her hid retreat
 Comes forth outspreading pictures sweet,
 And Memory rings her dulcet bells,
 Binding my soul with magic spells—
 Presenting to my wistful gaze
 Familiar scenes of bygone days :

My village home I fondly view,
Live o'er again my happy childhood ;
Again I roam the tangl'd wild wood,
Follow the stream that meander'd through
Its mossy banks with rippling sound ;
The busy windmill whirling round,
Whose noise the village seem'd to fill ;
The ivied church upon the hill ;
The breezy, pleasant, ample green,
Of artless mirth the frequent scene ;
That tree with spreading foliage,
With seats beneath, whence wearied age
Could view the pleasures of the young,
Or gossips ply the unwearying tongue.
I see again our dear old cot—
That dear lov'd well-remember'd spot—
In fancy almost seem to catch
The creak of its old rusty latch.
My father sage, my mother dear,
Then to my tearful eye appear—
Long years have pass'd since they were laid
To rest beneath the yew tree's shade.
And O ! oft comes a vision fair—
A face of beauty wond'rous rare—
My dear lost love beside me stands,
She seems to spread her snowy hands,
And fix on me her large deep eyes ;
Then, as within my eager grasp,
Her beauteous mould I strive to clasp,
Away the lovely vision dies,
Leaving my soul engulf'd in gloom
As darksome as the cheerless tomb.
And then the old, old weary pain
With freshen'd force comes back again ;
The wound I fancied Time had heal'd
Re-opes, my heart that I had steel'd
Against the blind God's wild delight,
Again acknowledges his might ;
For I, the pledg'd and tonsur'd priest,
A secret hold within my breast
Which nought but Death can e'er remove—

The secret of a long-lost love.
Long years ago I lov'd her well,
Her heart it throb'd reciprocal ;
She was my sun, my star, my life,
I sought to win her for my wife ;
But merciless parental pride
Decreed her loftier position ;
She must not be a poor man's bride,
And on the altar of ambition
My beauteous love was offered up.
Ah me ! O bitter was the cup—
Two lives their cursèd pride did sever ;
With tears we parted, and for ever.
I could not bear my simple home,
I was a hopeless homeless ranger ;
Where'er my weary steps did roam
Gladness unto my heart a stranger.
I wander'd sadly up and down,
Through sleepy hamlet, busy town,
Or ancient cities of renown—
A stranger traversing strange ground—
Until my weary footsteps found
A refuge in the quietude
Of this, a holy brotherhood.
The priesthood's solemn vows I took
And worldly things for aye forsook.
Oft times, as in my lonely cell
In meditation deep I dwell,
Will come to me a blissful thought
With sweetest influences fraught,
That nerves me for my life of trial,
Of penance, vigil, self-denial.
The brethren as they calmly go
Upon their way will never know
The under-current of unrest
That finds a lodging in my breast.
O precious thought ! there comes a day
When all Earth's clouds shall melt away,
And I and my lost love will meet
In Eden's beauteous garden sweet.
Nought, nought the perfect bliss shall mar,

In the sweet song no discords jar,
 Nor pride parental raise a bar
 Our tranquil souls to come between ;
 But free from sorrow, free from sin,
 Unfetter'd by the fleshly chain

Of this poor mortality,
 We'll roam the fair Elysian plain
 And drink of true felicity.

Roam amid the beauteous bowers
 Deck'd with amaranthine flowers,
 While enraptur'd myriads string
 Their harps to the Eternal King.

* * *

Thus cheer'd along my pilgrim way,
 I journey on from day to day ;
 Succouring the sick, the poor,
 Bringing from the plenteous store
 Of my heart's experience sad
 Sympathy that maketh glad
 Many sorrowing hearts around
 Fainting on Life's battle-ground.
 Fill'd with holy thought and deed,
 Fly the days with swiftest speed,
 Bearing me to that sweet clime,
 The rest beyond the hill of time.

A VOICE FROM THE SKY.

SEATED by my ingle bright
 On a dreary winter night,
 I ponder'd o'er my luckless plight,
 Weary, alone,
 While whirl'd the snow in furious flight
 And winds did moan.

I saw my expectations cross'd,
 The hopes I so long cherish'd lost,
 Like flowers nipp'd by Winter's frost
 And cast away ;
 Or vessel water-logg'd and toss'd
 On raging sea.

Methought that I had been mistaken
In the course which I had taken—
All my confidence was shaken—
 Sad was my heart ;
I griev'd that I had undertaken
 The minstrel's art.

All silent was my feeble lyre,
No faintest spark of Nature's fire,
Responsive to my fond desire,
 Cheer'd with its ray ;
My weary feet and heart did tire
 Of Life's hard way.

A deep despondency fell o'er me,
All darksome was the way before me,
And, like an ocean wildly stormy,
 My bosom heav'd ;
With none to cheer, to reassure me,
 I deeply grieved.

Thus brooding my misfortunes o'er,
I rose and strode my cottage floor
Awhile, then open flung the door,
 And on the sky
I gaz'd, as Boreas wild did roar,
 With pensive eye.

In dense black clouds the sky was dight,
Sweeping along in swiftest flight
Before the tempest's gathering might ;
 Up gazing far,
I saw amid the gloom of night
 A bright red star.

And then I saw a huge black cloud
Enfold it as within a shroud,
Then pass away, while clear and proud
 The star still beam'd,
Laughing defiantly and loud
 To me it seemed.

A LIFE THOUGHT.

'Twas blood-red Mars, and then as I
 Stood watching him with eager eye,
 Methought that from the distant sky
 The star did call,
 Like silver clarion ringing high
 That thrill'd my soul.

He cried aloud, the hero bright :
 O mortal, faint not in the fight ;
 With patience climb the rugged height,
 Through all your foes
 Cutting your way till Fortune's light
 Upon you glows.

Strengthen'd by that heroic star,
 Fixed in his blazing battle-car,
 Again I armed me for the war,
 That winter night,
 Resolv'd that nought my course should bar-
 To Fortune's height.

A LIFE THOUGHT

TO labour on with cheerful breast,
 To strive to do our very best,
 I take to be the proper plan
 To be pursued by finite man.
 Not idly dream of fate or luck,
 But try what industry and pluck,
 With hopefulness and patience, too,
 Combin'd, will help a man to do.
 Choose e'er the right, the wrong refuse,
 Look straight before thee, take short views ;
 Drink moderately of Pleasure's cup ;
 Wait not for something " to turn up "
 (Micawber-like), but bravely toil
 To win your guerdon fair of spoil
 From busy Industry's vast field.
 Fight on ; know no such word as yield
 Until Death's overwhelming blow
 Descend on thee and lay thee low.

THE FIRST PSALM.

BLEST is the man who doth not walk,
 Nor stand in sinners' ways ;
 Nor sitteth where the scornful talk
 With bold derisive gaze.

Who from the statutes of the Lord
 Derives a deep delight,
 And ponders o'er the Sacred Word
 By daytime and by night.

He shall be like a fruitful tree
 Well nourish'd by the flow
 Of waters, in prosperity
 His leaf shall bud and grow.

But with the ungodly 'tis not so,
 Who tread not Wisdom's way ;
 They're like the chaff the wind doth blow
 And scatter far away.

For in the dreadful Judgment Day
 These sinners shall not stand,
 But seek to hide themselves away
 From His avenging hand.

For all those who His will obey
 The righteous Lord doth know,
 But sinners shall be cast away
 And perish in their woe.

THE NEW YEAR.

BORNE swiftly hence by Time's on-rushing tide,
 Hath sped away another circling year ;
 And in the Past's dim ocean deep and wide,
 Its joys, its sorrows, fade and disappear.

On the strange current of a new-born year
 We launch the frail vessel of our life,
 Athwart its unknown depths our way to steer,
 With mingling hopes, doubts, fears, conjectures rife.

The past year with its follies, failures, sin,
 Vows unredeem'd we never may recall ;
 To strive to mend our ways may we begin,
 And to the Heavenly Power for succour call.

Perchance the year just ended may have brought
 To very many much of care and woe ;
 Dark troublous times, with deep affliction fraught,
 Dear lov'd ones by relentless Death laid low.

To such, may be, as if to make amends,
 This New Year comes with brightly smiling face ;
 As Heaven its sweetest consolations sends,
 And sunny smiles grief's bitter tears replace.

We know not what the future hath in store,
 'Tis from our gaze by love and wisdom hid ;
 Could we but see what waits us on before,
 Our hearts perhaps would sink o'erwhelm'd with dread.

Though health, friends fail us, earthly joys be few,
 And troubles come in like a swelling tide ;
 There's One that 'midst it all will e'er be true,
 Who closer than a brother will abide.

If but the Eternal Pilot guide our bark
 'Twill weather the most trying storms of fate ;
 It must be well when all appears most dark,
 Though tempests rage around infuriate.

Let Faith and Hope perform their lofty part,
 Enabling us to meet the ills of Time
 With tranquil mind and with undaunted heart,
 As those who seek a far serener clime.

This I conceive to be our wisest plan,
 To labour on, to strive our very best
 To raise ourselves, do all the good we can,
 And leave to All-wise Providence the rest.

With loftier objects, hearts more kind and true,
 Adorning well our varying estate,
 Pursue we then with hope and courage new
 The untrodden path of 1888.

BURLESQUE V. THE DRAMA.

IT was a beauteous stilly summer night ;
 The azure sky was bath'd in lambent light ;
 Pale Cynthia had hung her silvery lamp
 High in the midst of the ethereal camp ;
 The shining stars—a myriad glittering globes—
 Sparkl'd and flash'd like gems on regal robes ;
 All nature seem'd to rest from labour's throes,
 And everything invited to repose.
 Ye genii who rule the realms of air,
 Ye sportive elves, the reason strange declare
 That caus'd the pensive bard to leave his bed
 And wander through the chilly streets instead ;
 As carelessly he murmur'd the refrain
 Of some old song, he wander'd down Green Lane ;
 All heedless as to where his footsteps strayed,
 Crossing St. James's Road, down North Parade
 Awhile he strode, and then inclin'd his feet
 In the direction of Commercial Street ;
 Thence passing, he his steps did onward wend
 Until at length he found he'd reach'd Wards End,
 Then near the statue of the Consort good
 He paus'd awhile in meditative mood.

* * * *

As if to rouse him from his reverie,
 The Town Hall clock announc'd the hour of three,
 And instantly the Parish Church clock too
 Asserted that the statement was quite true.
 Turning to leave, the Royal met his eyes,
 And lo ! a sight that filled him with surprise.
 A brilliant dazzling radiance seem'd to shine
 O'er the dilapidated Thespian shrine,
 And, gazing up towards the balcony,
 Two lovely female forms the bard did see.
 One was a stately tall majestic maid,
 In modest robe of sombre hues array'd ;
 A crown of classic bays adorn'd her head ;
 She mov'd along with calm and queenly tread.
 In sooth she was a noble regal dame,
 Of lineage great ; the Drama was her name.
 The other was a phantom frolic wight,

In flimsy gown of tawdry tinsel dight ;
 A merry maiden, gay and picturesque ;
 Jolly, bizarre, and rightly hight Burlesque.
 She heeded not the other's withering glance,
 But with a roguish grin eyed her askance ;
 A moment at each other thus they gaze,
 And then they spoke in controversial phrase :

DRAMA.

Avaunt, thou giddy elf, and quit my sight !
 Poor empty thing in shameless costume dight ;
 How dar'est thou intrude upon the stage,
 Sphere dedicate to wisdom deep and sage ?
 Burlesque, extravaganza, comedy,
 Whate'er thy name, it matters not to me.
 Hence ! hence, I say, seek the congenial sphere
 Of music-hall, to puerile palate dear ;
 And ne'er again intrude upon my sight
 In my domains, my home, my place by right.

BURLESQUE.

What means this outburst of bombastic rage ?
 Ancient anachronism, who says the stage
 By a prescriptive right belongs to thee ?
 Old party, you've to reckon now with me.
 I care not for your scorn, your haughty mien,
 Your angry aspect of an outrag'd queen ;
 I quail not at your posings statuesque ;
 This fact know thou, that I, despis'd Burlesque,
 Have come, and what is more, have come to stay,
 In spite of all you choose to do or say.

DRAMA.

Ye sacred Muses ! must I then thus hear
 This rowdy ribald glibly at me jeer ?
 O public taste, and hast thou reach'd this pass,
 To seek thy entertainers from this class—
 Mere mountebanks, a giddy careless throng,
 The votaries of the dance and comic song ?
 The stage should hold aloft to Nature's view
 Her likeness touch'd with Truth's unfading hue ;
 Paint Villainy, with intricate device,

And reprobate proud, Gorgon-visag'd Vice.
 The stage should be an ever-sacred shrine
 Erected for the worship of the Nine ;
 Here should we learn to shed the pitying tear
 With poor Ophelia and mad King Lear ;
 View swart Othello's blindly-jealous rage,
 Which Desdemona's death could but assuage ;
 List moody Hamlet's sad soliloquy,
 And learn with noble Brutus how to die.

BURLESQUE.

Cease, pedant, cease your rhodomontade strain !
 Believe me it is utterly in vain.
 Mark what I say : the British public shrink
 From any play that calls on them to think ;
 At home they have enough of that to do
 Without it at their entertainments too.
 What care they for your Desdemona's woes,
 Your Romeo and Juliet's dying throes ?
 Who wants to sit and squeeze out maudlin tears
 O'er Hamlets, or East Lynnes, or mad King Lears ?
 All they desire is just to simply sit
 While sylph-like forms before them lightly flit ;
 Bask in the sunny beams of Beauty's glance,
 And gaze on Pleasure's giddy mazy dance ;
 The while the merry pun and catchy song
 Conspire to chase the lagging hours along ;
 Given half-clad girls, a coster, and a dog,
 And nought on earth their happiness can clog.

DRAMA.

O dire descent from Genius's high planes !
 What folly thus to worship limbs, not brains.
 Incredible ! It surely cannot be
 That people long will rest contentedly
 With such unsatisfying pabulum ;
 I still will hope the day must surely come
 When nobler tastes shall enter on their reign,
 And sweep away this empty-headed train ;
 In Lethe's Stygian waters them submerge,
 From which they never shall again emerge.

BURLESQUE.

Now there you are, old lady, wrong again ;
 Your lofty aspirations are in vain.
 Make up your mind, you'll never see that day ;
 Our managers know well it will not pay
 For higher things to try and form a taste ;
 Their money and their time they will not waste.
 Grand Opera even looks on me with dread,
 And, bullrush-like, bows a diminished head ;
 For, heedless of her wealth of melody,
 The public flock to feast their eyes on me.
 I take more money in a single show
 Than you in all the week, and that you know ;
 Take my advice, forego your haughty pride,
 And promptly range your talents on my side.

DRAMA.

And this to me ! Consort with such as you !
 A stupid, vulgar, rowdy, motley crew !
 What ! prostitute the genius of the stage,
 And pander to a foolish frivolous age ?
 What ! win vile gold by fostering low taste ?
 No, rather in the desert let me waste ;
 Before I'd aid in such a base intent,
 To die outright I'd rather be content—

Thus spake the maid in fierce indignant strain,
 When down there came a heavy shower of rain,
 And in a pensive mood each went her way,
 Resolv'd to have it out some other day.

A WORD OF CONSOLATION.

I STOOD within a churchyard
 One sunny sabbath day,
 And gazed with sadden'd eyes on
 The tokens of decay
 That in such sad profusion
 Bestrew'd the hallow'd ground,
 While o'er the peaceful prospect
 A silence reign'd profound.

The stillness was but broken
By murmurs of the breeze,
Breathing its soft requiem
Athrough the leafy trees—
A dirge it seem'd to fancy
O'er those in Death's embrace,
Wrapp'd in tranquil slumber
'Neath the earth's green face.

Methought, as I stood gazing,
Each sad memorial stone
With eloquence seem'd gifted,
And in a gentle tone
Bade me not mourn as hopeless
Dear ones to rest thus laid,
But think of them as living,
In fadeless bloom array'd.

And as the melting tear-drops
Bedimm'd my mourning eye,
And from my bosom's depths came
A deep, a troubl'd sigh,
Within my ear seem'd sounding
A sweet, a gracious voice,
In utterances so precious
As made my heart rejoice.

"Weep not," said it, "I am the
Resurrection and the Life ;
Weep not, for they are blessèd,
They rest from earthly strife ;
Why thus in hopeless sorrow,
Poor mortal, dost thou grieve ?
For they do live for ever
Who in my Name believe."

Bless'd word of consolation !
How tranquilly to rest
Sank 'neath its soothing power
The storm that swept my breast ;
And as I left the churchyard
It seem'd as if a ray
Of brightest heavenly sunshine
Had fallen on my way.

THE WINTER MONTHS OF NINETY-FIVE.

WITH salt tears streaming down her nose,
 The Muse give utterance to her woes,
 As I narrate in mournful rhyme
 The terrors of an awful time—
 A page of history destin'd
 To linger long within the mind
 Of all among us who survive—
 The winter months of Ninety-five.

'Twas on the New Year's natal day
 The fell fiend first began his sway ;
 With frost and snow, with snow and frost
 Alternately to rule the roast ;
 With his keen breath, like pointed barb,
 That pierc'd e'en through the stoutest garb,
 'Twas no light task to keep alive
 In those cold months of Ninety-five.

Poor little ones were lacking bread,
 And clam'ring loudly to be fed ;
 Distracted parents full of care.
 Right on the verge of dark Despair ;
 Homes destitute of food and fire
 Because the toilers wanted hire—
 Bees frozen out of Labour's hive
 In those dark months of Ninety-five.

Wake, Gratitude, awake the strain !
 Tell how the piercing cry of pain
 Fell on Benevolence's ears,
 And call'd forth Pity's melting tears :
 How Charity, most beauteous dame,
 Upon the scene with promptness came,
 Sources of succour to contrive
 In those sad months of Ninety-five.

All honour to the noble band,
 All honour to each ready hand
 Uprais'd to scatter wide relief,
 And stem the torrent-tide of grief ;
 And when is pass'd the time of need,
 Oft Mem'rs shall applaud the deed,
 How our thorough kept her poor alive
 In those cold months of Ninety-five.

LIFE.

I mus'd in deep perplexity
 On Life's unravell'd mystery,
 In all its deep complexity.

I thought on Nature's mighty plan,
 And in its working seem'd to scan
 A likeness to the state of man.

I on huge mountains cast my eyes,
 Saw their colossal summits rise
 Until they seem'd to prop the skies.

And nestling lowly at their feet,
 The vales array'd in verdure sweet,
 Symbol methought most clear and meet,

Of Mankind's varying estate—
 Patricians powerful and great ;
 And plebeians born to lowly fate.

Then I beheld the trackless sea,
 Now rapt in deep tranquillity,
 Anon upheaving restlessly—

Its alternating calm and strife
 A picture of this mortal life,
 With mingling joy and sorrow rife.

The heaven with ever-changing scene,
 Now deck'd in robes of brilliant sheen,
 With clouds and darkness oft between.

And so 'tis with Life's chequer'd sky ;
 At times all bright, no dark clouds nigh,
 Or when no blue can we descry.

The floods that sweep the mountain's side ;
 Huge rivers rolling in their pride,
 And mirthful rills that murmuring glide,

Contributing from varying source,
 Each in its own appointed course,
 To swell the deep's stupendous force.

So on the breast of Life's strong tide,
Resistless, swelling, deep, and wide,
The human currents onward glide

Till verberates from shore to shore
Great Gabriel's dread trumpet roar,
Proclaiming Time to be no more.

TO SCOTLAND.

HAIL, "Bonnie Scotland," beauteous land !,
I sing thy prospects bright and grand—
Heav'n-touching azure-mantl'd mountains,
Thy silvery streams and dancing fountains,
Unrivall'd panoramic views
Deck'd in innumerable hues,
Turgid torrents fiercely sweeping,
Silvery cascades lightly leaping,
Romance's favourite retreat,
Sweet Poesy's own native seat.
Mother of Bruce, of Burns, of Scott,
Can such a country be forgot ?
Where Nature picturesque and rude
Reigns in her wildest grandest mood.
Vast moors extending to the view
Huge seas of mingling brown and blue,
The sombre heath and waving dell,
Home of the pretty heatherbell,
Pure Patriotism's fairest shrine,
Flooded with Freedom's light divine ;
Thy fiery-hearted sons have broke
For ever the oppressor's yoke,
And freely pour'd their life's rich tide
To keep intact thy ancient pride.
The theatre sublimely grand
Hast thou been, O illustrious land,
Of many a great momentous drama
In Time's swift rushing panorama.
Would that I had a Burns's lyre
Swept with the true Æonic fire,
That I might fitting pæons raise
O glorious country, to thy praise !

THE POET'S JOY.

I ENVY not the rich, the great,
 Their golden store, their grand estate,
 Their splendour and their luxury,
 Or long ancestral pedigree.
 I see the children of ambition
 In eager quest of power, position,
 A famous name, a place at court,
 And not a single envious thought
 E'er finds a lodging in my breast,
 Though oft by earthly ills distress'd.
 Though Fortune's darlings pass me by,
 Or bend on me a scornful eye,
 I have within me stores of wealth
 Which all their hoards of golden pelf,
 However great, can never buy—
 A gift bestow'd by Heav'n on high.
 This is my all, my better part,
 The Muse's secret mystic art.
 Ah, yes, though poor and feeble be
 The strains the Goddess giveth me,
 They yield to me a vein of joy,
 And find my powers sweet employ.
 She is the star that cheers my lot
 And brightens up the tiny spot
 Where my unhonour'd lot is cast ;
 My refuge from the howling blast
 Of fickle Fortune's adverse wind ;
 The peace that solaces my mind
 When Poverty and carking Care
 Would leave me prey to dark Despair.
 When Grief's sharp pangs assail my heart,
 When trials come, and friends depart,
 Then in the constant Muse I find
 A healing balm, a friend most kind.
 Though rude and halting be the strains
 I raise, although to reach the lofty plains
 Of Helicon's harmonious height,
 Where burns the grand Æonian light,
 I fail, and may not emulate
 The songs of bards of lofty fate,

A NIGHT REVERIE.

Those gifted souls whose names sublime
 Adorn the lustrous scroll of Time,
 Still, humbly following in their wake,
 My lower path through Life I'll take,
 Contented with a few stray beams
 From Poetry's translucent streams ;
 My one great hope, my chief desire,
 The real, the true poetic fire.

A NIGHT REVERIE.

OLD Sol hath run his race diurnal,
 And yielded unto shades nocturnal,
 In silence wrapt the hills eternal
 And slumbering streams,
 Fair Cynthia with smile maternal
 Upon us beams.

The trembling stars their vigils keeping,
 Bright meteors o'er empyrean leaping,
 Soft dews in glistening silver steeping
 The pretty flowers,
 With curl'd-up petals, calmly sleeping
 In fairy bowers.

The restless zephyr softly blows
 Wand'ring 'mid the leafy boughs,
 The glowworm's lantern brightly glows,
 With deep delight,
 The darkness-loving owl forth goes
 To greet the night.

Far out upon the mighty deep,
 While wearied sailors soundly sleep,
 The watch his lonely guard doth keep
 With cheery ray,
 The little stars down on them peep,
 And guide the way.

By Slumber's weighty breath oppress'd,
 The labourer takes his well-earn'd rest,
 No cares disturb his honest breast,
 No terrors move,
 Peace brooding o'er his humble nest.
 Like gentle dove !

The wily poacher spreads the coils,
Anon he views the feather'd spoils
Entangl'd in his cunning toils,
Safe in the snare,
And triumphs inly as he foils
The keeper's care.

Alas ! O Night, beneath thy shade,
In Sin's fair panoply array'd,
To ply the harlot's hellish trade
Doth shameless go
That frail one erst a guileless maid,
Now fallen low.

The sentinel with steady tramp
Paces around the tented camp,
Mid pestilential vapours damp
And beasts of prey,
Till Morning lights his cheery lamp,
And 'gin's the day.

Oft o'er and o'er again do I
Athrough the solemn hour lie,
While busy Fancy forth doth fly
From her retreat,
And spreadeth out before the eye
Her pictures sweet.

What care I for the loss of sleep,
A rich reward of bliss I reap—
Inspiring thoughts and lessons deep
My toils requite,
And my poetic senses steep
With deep delight ;

Oft as thy solemn hour comes round,
O peaceful Night, shall I be found
Ready to roam the ethereal ground
Of fancy bright ;
My love for thee still more abound
Majestic Night !

A GREETING.

YE faithful followers of the Muse,
 Ye pensive-soul'd Bohemian crews,
 Who study Nature's varying views
 With willing heart,
 And for your better portion choose
 The tuneful art.

Ye thoughtful race, who lonely wander
 Through Nature's realms and deeply ponder,
 Finding your love for her grow fonder
 Each day that flies,
 Who know no hope nor wish beyond her
 Sweet mystic ties.

Extol the witching charms of Nature,
 Sing descants on each lovely feature
 Presented in her grand portraiture
 In earth and sky,
 To hymn her praise bid every creature
 With rapture vie.

Sing of her undulating valleys,
 The still sweet woods and verdurous alleys,
 Sing golden Sol as forth he sallies,
 Like gallant bright,
 When Morning floods her orient palace
 In roseate light !

Accept the humble commendation
 Of me, a bard of lowly station,
 Whose highest hope and aspiration
 Is to attain,
 Help'd by the Muse's inspiration,
 Fame's bright domain.

Though captious critics sneer and carp,
 Let not their spleen your spirit warp,
 But with the music of your harp
 Their murmurs drown ;
 Stand up to them, and they will sharp
 Leave you alone.

Call on these idle soulless elves
 To do some decent work themselves,
 To close their spleen-emitting valves,
 And sympathise
 With e'en the lowliest soul who delves
 For Honour's prize.

I know no nobler spectacle
 Upon which mortal eyes can dwell
 Than on some soul who labours well
 To mend his state,
 Whose breast Ambition's fire doth swell
 With purpose great.

Though low your lot, and scant your purse,
 Though Fortune's frown your pathway curse,
 Word-painters of the universe,
 Ye men of rhymes ;
 In varying strains the themes rehearse
 Of these strange times.

Toil bravely on, each tuneful soul,
 Heed not, though adverse billows roll,
 With virtue, prudence, self-control,
 Pursue your way,
 Unto your aspiration's goal
 The poet's bay !

 A SONG.

DEAR bygone days, sweet bygone days,
 How oft, amid our grief and pain,
 We backward turn our wistful gaze,
 And would that ye could be again ;
 Life's morning hours, when woe and care
 To our light bosom strangers were.

Dear bygone hours, sweet bygone hours,
 Unto our fancy's eyes ye seem
 To represent the faded flowers
 That tell of Summer's golden dream ;
 Life's fairest hours, so calm and bright
 Alas ! for ever ta'en their flight.

DEEDS VERSUS CREEDS.

METHINKS it is a small affair indeed
 Whatever be a man's religious creed ;
 What matters it what tenets he believes ?
 What are these things but merely lifeless leaves ?
 While actions are the goodly luscious fruit.

How many men most orthodox to creeds
 With firmness hold, and yet are, by their deeds,
 As far remote from God-likeness and love
 As this our globe from yonder vault above ;
 In practice not much higher than the brute !

There's one will say he loves his fellow-man,
 And yet, perchance, that very mortal can
 Unmov'd behold another in distress,
 And him relieve not in his wretchedness,
 Though able. What's the value of his creed ?

Another no profession makes at all,
 In brief, may be what true believers call
 An idel, yet play the nobler part,
 And demonstrate himself of better heart ;
 A Christian truly, not in word, but deed.

See we a man considerate and kind,
 Of charitable views and breadth of mind,
 Upright and manly, honourable, true,
 And we behold, alas ! there are so few,
 A genuine man, a gem of priceless worth.

Yet here and there such noble souls are found,
 True warriors on life's stern battle-ground,
 Who prove themselves by many a goodly deed
 Superior to mere holders of a creed,
 Whose good too often owes to fear its birth.

Above the conflict of contending creeds
 The world calls out impatiently for deeds,
 It cries aloud :—Ye Christian folk, live out
 That love ye talk so fluently about ;
 Display the proofs of your sincerity.

We're weary of your inconsistent ways,
 Your hollow, vain rhetorical displays ;
 Why do ye fail so signally to reach
 The lofty standard ye so glibly teach ?
 Is it a myth your boasted charity ?

O ! would we all but practise what we preach,
 By acts of good confirm the good we teach ;
 Were we more real, genuine, sincere,
 Then would Religion's beauteous light appear
 And fill this darken'd world with radiancy.

THE DAY IS DARK AND DREARY.

THE Sun in anger hides his ray,
 The skies are rob'd in sombre gray,
 The rain falls fast on hedge and spray ;
 The day is dark and dreary.

Dark is the horizon of my life,
 With gathering clouds of sorrow rife,
 My breast is full of bitterest strife,
 And all is dark and dreary.

For friends I sigh, and sigh in vain ;
 No soul is near to soothe my pain,
 Life's load to aid me to sustain,
 Nor comrade kind and cheery.

I yearn to reach that tranquil shade
 Where, by Earth's tumults undismay'd,
 All calmly rest the peaceful dead,
 No longer sad or weary.

A MIDNIGHT CAT-ASTROPHE.

THE shades of night had settl'd down
 O'er S-w-y Bridge, that rising town,
 And silence solemn and profound
 Rul'd all, above, below, around.

A trio—husband, wife, and son,
 Their day's appointed duties done,
 All peacefully had sunk to rest,
 By Morpheus's weight oppress'd.

Through dreamland's region calm sublime
 They sweetly roam'd, while busy Time
 The "wee sma" hours hurried through,
 When suddenly there swiftly flew

Through the still house a dread alarm
 That soon disturb'd their slumber calm,
 And startl'd Sleep in deep chagrin
 Disgusted bolted from the scene.

An awful bumping row they hear
 That fills their very soul with fear,
 Awakes the echoes of the night,
 And all their comfort puts to flight.

Erect in bed the aged pair
 Upsprang, while every startl'd hair
 Upon each hoary time-worn pate
 Stood up like soldiers stiff and straight...

Scarce knowing what ought to be done,
 They summon first their only son,
 And pour into his youthful ears
 The doleful story of their fears.

A member of a fire-brigade,
 Of course, he scorn'd to seem afraid ;
 Quoth he, just let me see the thief,
 And soon the scamp will come to grief...

All in their sleeping garb array'd,
 A very striking group they made,
 The hardy youth his hatchet grasps,
 His sire unto his bosom clasps

His trusty friend, his good "ash plant,"
Well-prov'd in many and many a "rant,"
And, bidding the old dame go first,
They nerve themselves to meet the worst.

Downstairs they creep with bated breath
And trembling feet, while thoughts of death
In varied forms and dreadful pains
Rush swiftly through their heated brains.

Around about they keenly stare,
But nothing meets their vision there
Explanatory of the noise,
And Hope again the bosom buoys.

The youth opin'd they were mista'en,
And mov'd they got to bed again,
Which "motion" well was entertain'd,
And soon their chambers are regain'd.

When lo ! the noise with double force,
Renews itself, and so perforce,
Those stairs they must descend again
To seek the cause of all the din.

Around again with vigilance
In every hole and nook they glance,
Until, despairing, the old "fellar"
Suggests that they should try the cellar.

Accordingly they bend their steps
Into the cellar's gloomy depths,
And, nerving them for mighty blow,
They look round for the lurking foe.

O how they rav'd and stamp'd and swore
When downward gazing, on the floor
The figure of a cat they spy,
At which the irate youth let fly.

It seems, like all the feline ilk,
Pussie was very fond of milk,
And, having come across a jug,
Had tightly wrigg'l'd in her "mug"

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

In her keen quest for bovine spoils
 And herself fasten'd in the toils;
 'Then vainly striving to get free,
 Had bump'd and hammer'd vigorously,
 So causing the alarming noise
 That banish'd their nocturnal joys,
 That dragg'd them from their cosy bed
 And filled their bosoms with such dread.
 But, laughing at the harmless scare,
 To bed they once again repair,
 Right thankful to discover that
 'Twas nought more dang'rous than the "cat."

MORAL.

If you would calmly rest at night,
 And not be waken'd in a fright,
 Take my advice, and be quite sure
 You leave no milk jug on the floor.

"FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

(During an earthquake that took place in a Russian town in the latter part of the year 1888, a soldier was guarding the Treasury, and, though walls were falling in all around him, he refused to leave his post until ordered to do so by a Sergeant who fortunately had his attention drawn to the position of the gallant fellow.)

UNDYING Fame, upon thy shining scroll
 Inscribe the name of this heroic soul!
 Bright Glory, weave an amaranthine wreath
 To grace his brow, who, faithful unto death,
 In peril's hour refus'd to quit his post
 And won a place amid that glorious host
 Whose noble actions god-like and sublime
 Live on until the latest hour of Time.
 Such men as he make any nation great,
 Add honour to the lowliest estate.
 O may he from a generous country's hand
 Receive meet guerdon for his valour grand!
 And when the dauntless hero's days are o'er
 Kind Angels, waft him to the heavenly shore,
 To wear for aye the conqueror's fadeless wreath,
 Heaven's crown for all who're faithful unto death.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

THERE'S trouble on the mighty sea,
 Its bosom heaves tumultuously,
 The wind is howling furiously ;
 Huge, black clouds scudding o'er the sky
 Presage the dreaded tempest nigh ;
 From pole to pole red lightning flashes,
 The awful thunder rolls and crashes,
 Snow-created billows boil and leap,
 Then downward swirl into the deep.
 All through the blinding surf and spray
 A gallant vessel ploughs her way ;
 She reels, she dips, her timbers creak,
 As heavy seas athwart her break ;
 High on the giddy reeling mast
 The reefer sits amid the blast ;
 He labours bravely in the gloom,
 Unmoved, resign'd unto the doom
 That darkly o'er them seems to loom.
 Ah ! deem not the bold seaman weak,
 If scalding tears bedew his cheek ;
 Not for himself his grief has way,
 He thinks of dear ones far away :
 Again he sees his native village,
 The fragrant fields he used to pillage
 Of their gems the starry flowers
 In boyhood's sunny happy hours.
 Sees, too, that dear, familiar spot—
 The little ivy-covered cot,
 His home, his heart's true resting-place,
 His widow'd mother's gentle face ;
 And how his life-blood courses warm
 As thinks he of another form,
 That pretty face and head of gold—
 His sweetheart in the days of old.
 O shall he gaze on her again,
 And find her to him fondly true,
 In pleasure's draught drown all his pain ?
 Thus thinks the reefer ; while the crew
 Toil on with all their manhood's might,
 And pray for morning's welcome light.

Heaven aid the vessel and her crew,
 In mercy guard them safely through
 The howling blast, from reef and rock,
 Till rests she safely in the dock !

* * * *

Now turn we to a different scene,
 A tiny cottage bright and clean—
 Each thing is in its proper place ;
 No careful eye can fail to trace
 That order, tidiness are dear
 Unto her heart who dwelleth here.
 The little store of homely delf
 Display'd upon a humble shelf ;
 The massive chest of sturdy oak,
 That grand old clock, whose sounding stroke
 The stillness here for years has broke ;
 A few old prints upon the walls—
 Old country scenes, old-fashion'd halls ;
 The infant Jesus in a manger,
 A little helpless, homeless stranger ;
 That Sacred Book—its holy page
 Youth's wisest guide, the stay of age ;
 The comfort doubtless of the dame

Who sits before the cheerful grate,
 Gazing into the ruddy flame

Leaping and dancing so elate.
 A gentle white-hair'd dame is she,
 With kindly eye and placid brow ;
 Old Time hath us'd her tenderly,

Although stern Winter with his snow
 And frosts severe her eyes have seen
 Full three-score years and ten I ween ;
 She sits, a striking illustration
 Of meek-ey'd, patient Resignation.
 Fond Memory is busy now,
 And brings to her remembrance how
 'Tis dear, familiar Christmas Eve,
 And for awhile the dame doth leave
 The present with its care and pain,
 And liveth o'er the past again.
 Distinctly to her tearful eyes

The well-belovèd form doth rise
Of that kind partner fond and true
From whom no unkind word she knew,
Who long ago was laid to rest
Within Dame Nature's tranquil breast.
That merry-hearted, handsome boy,
Her heart's great hope, her soul's chief joy,
A roamer o'er the restless wave,
A wayward lad, but bold and brave.
She gazes at the vacant chair,
Hallowed by many a tear and prayer,
Dusted and placed for many a year
For him, alas ! that came not near.
Thus, while her fancy doth explore
The past, a knock comes at the door,
And enters then a maiden fair,
With eyes of blue and flaxen hair ;
A maiden, yet a woman staid,
In modest dignity arrayed.
Beside the dame she takes her seat,
And greeteth her in accents sweet ;
A momentary crimson flush
Deepens into a vivid blush,
Then fadeth from her rounded cheek,
As to her friend she thus doth speak :
" O, why should Ralph prefer to roam
The treach'rous deep, 'mid storm and foam,
And never visit once his home
Nor write to you, his mother dear !
My dear lov'd friend, I sadly fear
That he on whom we set such store
Shall never gaze upon us more."
" Nay ! nay ! my darling, say not so,
For anything we two may know,
Upon his homeward journey now
He may be. Banish from thy brow
That saddened look. If 'tis His will
Who holds the deep, the lofty hill
Within the hollow of His hand,
He'll bring him safely back to land.
That's right, dear ; cease your melancholy !

Now fasten up these sprigs of holly !
And here's a bunch of misletoe,
Ah ! well I mind, now blush not so,
Long years ago he you did kiss
Beneath a similar piece to this.
Old Christmas comes but once a year,
Then, let us make him welcome, dear ! ”
The girl, cheer'd by the kindly word,
Speeds the glad task, when lo ! is heard
A firm sharp knock, and then another,
And then the joyful cry—“ Ah, mother ! ”
And, all unscathed from Ocean's harms,
Ralph clasps his mother in his arms ;
Then turning to his darling Grace,
Enfolds her, too, in his embrace.
No words can tell that mother's joy,
As gazes she upon her boy,
While Grace can only by him stand,
And shyly hold his big brown hand.
The cheerful meal now duly o'er,
Around the cozy fire they draw,
And, with a hand in each of his,
Ralph yields himself to perfect bliss.
Says he, “ You long to know, I 'spose,
What has detained me—well, here goes :
'Tis seven years this very day
Since the Stormy Petrel sailed away
With a cargo rich from Plymouth Sound
To Sacramento outward bound.
Well, after a successful run,
We made the port ; our task then done,
For merry England we put back,
And soon were on the homeward tack.
But winds contrary overtook us,
From stem to stern they fiercely shook us ;
We had to cut away all sail,
And outward carried by the gale,
We drifted rapidly away,
Until on an ill-fated day
Quite suddenly there came a squall
Athwart our craft, and down went all,

Except a few who reach'd an island
By floating spar and upturn'd boat,
Right thankful but to get on dry land,
Though uninhabited, remote.
Long dreary years then pass'd away,
We kept on looking day by day ;
No welcome sail e'er came our way.
Oh, how we pray'd that one might come,
And bear us safely, quickly home !
At length one day a cheerful shout
Came from our comrades looking out,
Announcing we had been espied,
And there upon the ocean wide
A gallant craft came full in view.
We hail'd her ; soon a sturdy crew
Put off to us and quickly landed ;
Into the boat soon we were handed ;
The captain, like a Briton true,
Did all for us that he could do ;
We learn'd that she was homeward bound,
And soon again in Plymouth Sound
We landed, and you see me here.
But now, my lov'd ones, never fear
That I will leave you any more ;
I'm going to get a berth ashore
As watchman, or as coastguardsman.
Yes, mother mine, that is my plan ;
And when I'm spliced to you, dear Grace,
In this, my own, my native place,
Shall be my resting-place, my home,
No more o'er ocean's depths I'll roam."

*

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Thus sat they out that Christmas Eve,
And laugh'd and talk'd while Hope did weave
Her fabric fair of pleasures sweet,
Until the pealing bells did greet
The dawning of the happy morn
When Christ, the Prince of Peace, was born.

A PROLOGUE.

"VERBUM SAP."

FAIN'T heart ne'er won a lady fair,
 So saith the proverb ancient ;
 Therefore, ye timorous lovers, ne'er
 Be daunted, but in patient,
 Stout-hearted confidence abide,
 Assiduously endeavour
 To win the maid until the tide
 Of love turn in your favour.

Ye who the steep ascent of Fame
 With eager footsteps climb,
 Aspiring to inscribe your name
 Upon the scroll of Time ;
 Toil on, perchance the kindly Fates
 May to your side be won,
 And duly open Fortune's gates
 Unto their struggling son.

Or ye who Learning's classic field
 With pensive eye explore,
 Work bravely on until she yield
 Her wealth of precious lore ;
 Ye may not reach the fair domains
 By any royal way,
 But by infinity of pains,
 By labours night and day.

A PROLOGUE.

*(Written for an Old English Village Bazaar held at Hanover School
 early in 1889.)*

HANOVER'S friends, list while this lowly rhyme
 Directs your thoughts to good Queen Bess's time
 That period renowned in English story,
 When Britain climb'd the bright ascent of glory.
 Then Albion, 'neath the ægis of the Tudor,
 Securely dwelt and feared not an intruder ;
 All foreign foes she set at brave defiance,
 And led the world in learning, art, and science.
 With patriots such as Sydney, Drake, and Raleigh,
 The empire grew in peace and plenty daily
 Until she reached a height of exaltation

Not yet attained by any other nation ;
 In town and city toilers dwelt contented,
 Or village fair, as this one here presented.

* * *

Mark well the scene replete with quaint old charms—
 Ye village inn yclept “Ye Raleigh Arms ;”
 Hard by, its neighbour grey, yon ancient arch,
 Beneath which often times did proudly march
 Bold belted knights, stout squires, sturdy yeomen,
 In feudal fray to meet their neighbour foemen.
 Yon ivy-covered venerable fane,
 Resounding oft with prayer and holy strain ;
 The Stocks, wherein the roving knave or fool
 Oft found a seat his vagrant heels to cool ;
 The Market Cross, where farmers’ wives did meet
 To sell their poultry, eggs, and butter sweet ;
 Observe we, too, yon grand manorial hall,
 Thrown open wide, alike to great and small.

* * *

And do ye ask, what mean these rustic trains
 Of country lasses fair and sturdy swains ?
 These quaint old shops, whose ample stalls display
 Promiscuous and beautiful array
 Of fancy wares, all wrought by dexterous hands,
 Brought o’er the seas from distant eastern lands,
 From Palestine, from grim, grotesque Japan,
 Bright offspring of the genius of man ?
 The reason of this beautiful display
 Is, briefly, this, we hold a fair to-day,
 And all these goods outspread beneath your eye
 Appeal to you to come and freely buy ;
 With voiceless eloquence they seem to say,
 Good people, come and carry us away ;
 You’ll find in us nor blemishes nor flaws,
 Remember, too, the goodness of the cause ;
 In after time, you will feel no regret
 That you thus helped to liquidate the debt
 Which like an incubus upon our school
 So long hath lain. Cold calculating rule
 Put on one side, and hand all you can over,
 And thus reward the workers at Hanover.

THE CONSTANT HEART.

THERE is a flower that never fades,
 Though others droop and die,
 Retaining its enchanting hues
 And fragrance rich for aye :—
 The flower of the constant heart—
 O hold this flower dear,
 And prize it as the sweetest thing
 Upon this circling sphere !

Within the stately princely hall
 The lovely bloom is found,
 In scenes of grandeur, elegance,
 Where luxuries abound ;
 But oftener in the lowly soul
 Of some poor child of earth,
 'Midst poverty and darkness, shines
 This gem of priceless worth.

BE STILL.

BE still, my troubl'd heart, be still !
 If 'tis thy Heavenly Father's will
 That trial, pain, shall be thy lot,
 Be strong and patient, murmur not ;
 Life's fleeting course will soon be run,
 The cross be borne, the crown be won.

What though friend after friend depart—
 There is a Friend Whose faithful heart
 Will closer than a brother's cleave ;
 In Him unfalteringly believe ;
 His gracious goodness changeth never ;
 Same yesterday, to-day, for ever.

What though the road be long and dark,
 And many a stain of error mark
 Thy journey o'er the pilgrim way ;
 Though often worsted in the fray,
 Let this sweet promise cheer thy breast—
 He giveth His belov'd rest.

THE BEE.

THE bee that in the summer hour
 Flits restlessly from flower to flower,
 Rich nectar from their opening lips
 Extracting with delicious sips,
 Presents unto the thoughtful mind
 A useful lesson to Mankind ;
 Which, would they pay to it due heed,
 Would some day stand them in good stead.
 Observe the toilsome insect's care—
 When all is beautifully fair,
 Disdaining pleasurable ease,
 Employing all its energies,
 As if its instinct did foresee
 A period of necessity ;
 It taketh Fortune at the tide,
 When its currents swelling glide ;
 With arduous labour doth contrive
 To store with luscious sweets its hive.
 Perceive, O man ! the lesson great
 The industrious bee doth demonstrate ;
 Doth not the tiny teacher say :
 When shines the sun, then make the hay,
 Work on and prosper while you may.
 Yes, labour on, remit no pains.
 While sickness *ne* your hand restrains ;
 Now in the prime of Manhood's power,
 Provide against a future hour ;
 To win fair Fortune's cheering smile,
 With strenuous efforts bravely toil
 Until the sunshine of success
 In radiant beams your pathway bless.

A BALLAD.

BE true to me, a lover said,
 As he bent o'er the golden head
 Of the fair maiden at his side ;
 When far away upon the sea,
 Sweet love, wilt thou be true to me ?
 I love but thee, the maid replied.

The lover breathes his sad adieu,
 Then swiftly o'er the waters blue
 Light as a bird the vessel flies;
 He goes, nor thinks he to return
 Till Fortune's favours he shall earn,
 Then will he come and claim his prize.

Long years roll on, he cometh not,
 The maiden deems herself forgot,
 And to another lends her ear;
 Unto another gives her hand
 With wealth untold at his command,
 Nor thinks of him she once held dear.

A gallant vessel homeward flies;
 With triumph gleaming in his eyes
 A traveller treads her deck elate;
 A few short hours, murmurs he,
 And I my beauteous love shall see
 Alas! he recks not of his fate.

Unto the maiden he returns.
 Full soon the cruel truth he learns;
 His joy transform'd to ceaseless pain,
 Again he roams o'er Ocean's breast,
 To know no more the joy of rest
 Till kindly Death shall end life's strain.

THE FLIGHT OF SUMMER.

THE beauties of Summer are fading away,
 We view their departure with grief and dismay,
 The varying prospects in sombre garb dight,
 Too truly narrate the sad tale of his flight.
 The swallows fly homeward, the flowers are few,
 The grass is fast losing its emerald hue,
 The leaves in thick clusters lie yellow and sere,
 And winds softly murmur in cadences drear
 As they roam in and out the fast thinning trees;
 The songsters no longer their gay minstrelsièes
 In rapturous glee pour forth with full throat,

But at intervals utter a faint chirping note.
 Bird, flower, and leaf in mournful tones say :
 Our monarch, bright Summer, is passing away.
 Farewell then, grand spirit of beauty and light,
 Soon, soon thou wilt be but a memory bright.
 The Seasons' gay king, thou hast well play'd thy part,
 Hast breath'd sweetest bliss into many a heart,
 With a rich floral zone hast encircl'd the scene,
 Bath'd meadow, field, woodland in roseate sheen ;
 In beautiful tints hast thou garnish'd the skies,
 And spread in profusion rich food for our eyes ;
 Hast lighten'd our bosoms and dried up our tears,
 With music delicious hast flooded our ears ;
 Like an angel of good thou hast cheer'd us along,
 Dispell'd all our fears, made us hopeful and strong.
 But now for a season thou goest away,
 And soon shall we groan 'neath Winter's stern sway ;
 But when Borean blasts shake the forest and glade,
 And Earth in her mantle of white is array'd,
 We will patiently suffer the cold and the storm,
 And long for the time when, rosy and warm,
 Again o'er the prospect thou shakest thy wing,
 Then farewell, bright Summer, of Seasons the king,

A TRIBUTE.

*(In Memory of the Author's niece, Annie Sutcliffe, who died
 February 19th, 1894.)*

METHINKS that Fate ne'er aim'd a crueller blow
 Than that swift-wingèd dart that laid thee low,
 Dear Maid, array'd in all thy youthful bloom,
 Like a fair flower that droops mid Autumn's gloom.
 Still, while we shed the tributary tear,
 Yet who of us would wish that thou wert here ?
 If we could only penetrate the haze
 That hides the future from our finite gaze,
 Perchance we then might think Death was a friend
 Who came to thee earth's countless ills to end ;
 To lead thee to a better land than ours,
 To glitt'ring golden streets and fadeless flowers ;
 Where sorrow, sighing, pain, anxiety
 Come not to mar the deep tranquillity ;
 No sun to shed its overpowering ray,

No fears by night, perplexities by day ;
 Where thou shalt ever bathe thy peaceful breast
 In the calm ocean of infinite rest.
 Thus, Annie, would we wish to think of thee,
 As from earth's ills and sin's pollution free ;
 Not hopeless thy untimely end deplore ;
 Thou art not dead, but only gone before.
 And may those who most keenly feel thy loss
 With patience and submission bear the cross ;
 Think that their loss is thy eternal gain,
 Hope, by God's mercy, thee to see again,
 And try to say, though sorrow's tempest swell :—
 " It is the Lord ; He doeth all things well."

FOR LOVE AND CHIVALRY.

(A Song.)

A WARRIOR resolute and bold,
 Arm'd *cap-a-pie* in burnish'd gold,
 Spurs onward to the tourney gay,
 Elate and eager for the fray ;
 The favours of his ladye fayre
 Float bravely on the breezy air,
 And with a merry voice sings he :
 I fight for Love and Chivalry.

Now in the lists, with lance in rest,
 And victory shining on his crest ;
 He rushes on the advancing foe,
 Soon on the green sward lays him low ;
 With breast elate and beaming eyes
 Receives from Beauty's hand the prize,
 'Midst plaudit loud and revelry,
 The bright reward of Chivalry.

With honour crown'd the gallant knight
 Rides homeward gaily from the fight ;
 His true love from her lattice pane
 Descrys him spurring o'er the plain ;
 Soon to the warrior's ardent breast
 The lovely maid is fondly press'd ;
 Dear love, he whispers tenderly,
 I've fought for Love and Chivalry.

THE JESTER'S LOVE.

HE was the King's own Jester ;
 Amidst the courtly throng
 'Twas his to mingle daily,
 With quip, and crank, and song ;
 To drive away dull-visag'd Care
 From noble proud and ladye fayre.

The pun and merry couplet
 Could he command at will,
 The graceful tarantella
 Perform with featly skill ;
 Or keep the table in a roar
 With rosy Humour's pleasing lore.

But 'neath that vest of motley
 There was an aching heart,
 And in the mirth he call'd forth
 The Jester had no part ;
 And none knew 'mid the revels gay
 The pangs that rent him day by day.

He lov'd a noble maiden,
 A lady highly born ;
 Ah ! vain the hope that ever
 She could his love return ;
 Look from her altitude sublime
 Upon the luckless man of rhyme.

He watch'd her queenly figure
 Move in the mazy dance,
 And would have given his best blood
 For but a tender glance ;
 But little reck'd or heeded she,
 Destin'd a great man's bride to be.

Her bridal morn dawns brightly,
 In beauteous robes array'd,
 Move belles and gallants knightly,
 A splendid cavalcade,
 And just as she became a bride
 That very hour the Jester died.

TILL DEATH DO PART.

TWO tender lovers, hand in hand,
 Wander by a rippling stream ;
 They roam through Pleasure's fairy land,
 Dreaming Love's delicious dream ;
 I will be true, he fondly cries,
 Doubt me not, my beauteous love,
 True as yon sun that gilds the skies,
 Nought from thee my heart can move.

An aged couple, hand in hand,
 Sit before the ruddy blaze ;
 They've almost reach'd the borderland
 Pilgrims through Life's devious ways ;
 Through Life's bright morn to its calm eve,
 Faithful they through woe or weal ;
 Together now they fain would cleave
 In life or death united still.

A LAMENT.

ALAS ! what ills the aspiring bard assail
 Who seeks the height Parnassian to scale ;
 What galling fetters chafe his soaring soul,
 What adverse currents o'er him ruthless roll ;
 What barriers interpose themselves between
 Him and the goal his hopes are centred in !
 Spending his manhood in laborious days ;
 His nights in dreams of amaranthine bays ;
 The proud man's scorn, the worldling's cynic sneer,
 Malignity's keen thrust, and Envy's carp and jeer ;
 A scant-lin'd purse, friends few and far between,
 Gay gleams of hope, and disappointments keen ;
 Inconstant friends, the critic's cruel flailing,
 Tormenting doubts, misgivings dire of failing ;
 All these, and more too numerous to name,
 Obstruct the path of those who seek for fame,
 In Glory's temple bright an honour'd niche to claim.
 As loftiest heights encounter fiercest gales,
 While calm and tranquil rest the lowly vales,
 They who would tread the higher paths of life

Have oft to forge their way through fiercest strife.
 But as the warrior views with ardent eyes
 The foe advance, and feels his courage rise,
 So the true bard, as he surveys his foes,
 His inborn pluck proportionately grows
 The obstacles to meet that would his way oppose.
 The artist, too, who really loves his art,
 Though doubts and fears betimes assail his heart,
 Before his vision keeps his grand ideal,
 And labours on with never-flagging zeal.
 Let genius in a man but have its root,
 Be it but tended well, the goodly fruit
 In time it must inevitably yield,
 As harvests bless the cultivated field.
 On then, my friends ! O be ye undismay'd !
 What e'er the power against your souls arrayed.
 As when dark clouds disperse with swiftest pace
 Before the beams of Sol's resplendent face,
 So shall your genius, with its brilliant light,
 Disperse your foes, make all your pathway bright.
 Let nothing then your upward flight retard,
 In due time Labour wins its fair reward.

CARISSIMMA.

A H, dearest one, my hope, my life,
 How dark this world would be,
 One dismal scene of pain and strife
 Were I bereft of thee ;
 Wealth, rank, and power have no charms
 To call forth my desires ;
 To rest me in thy snowy arms
 My heart alone aspires.
 Thy beauteous hair, each silky tress,
 My pure, my precious gold,
 Thy tender thought, thy kind caress,
 My treasury untold ;
 To breathe the same sweet air as thee
 Is rich, is perfect bliss ;
 Thy love can fill with radiancy
 A darken'd world like this.

THE TALE OF LIFE.

A TENDER bud on life's great tree,
 The helpless little babe we see,
 Reposing in its tiny cot,
 The while the eulogistic note
 Ascending from admiring friends
 The infant's opening hours attends.

A merry-hearted little boy ;
 No greater cares his thoughts employ
 Than the dear-lov'd and trivial toy ;
 A spirit frolicsome and gay
 Sporting through life's golden day ;
 Dreaming oft delicious dreams,
 Wandering by silvery streams ;
 Murmuring tunefully between
 Sloping banks of tender green ;
 Gazing at the azure sky,
 Chasing the gay butterfly ;
 Pillaging the scented bowers,
 Bearing home the pretty flowers,
 While the mother's heart doth joy
 To behold her darling boy.

The sturdy active vigorous youth
 Bounding o'er life's pathway smooth,
 Stranger unto pain and care,
 Hope presenting pictures fair ;
 Life one pleasant prospect seems
 Deck'd in gorgeous solar beams ;
 Drinking draughts of purest joy,
 Nought to trouble or annoy,
 Fancy floating unconfin'd ;
 Life's sweet seed-time when the mind
 Opes itself unto impression,
 Ere the fever fire of passion
 Hath hardened with its lurid blaze—
 O precious, priceless youthful days !

Advancing then in Nature's plan,
 Behold we now the full-grown man ;
 An earnest being, toiling, striving,

Restless, scheming, and contriving ;
Navigating life's rough sea,
Ofttime sailing perilously,
The waves of ruin wild and dark
Threatening his fragile barque ;
At times the beams of Fortune's sun
Brightly shine his pathway on ;
The lover, husband, then the father ;
Around him little children gather,
Clinging like tendrils round his heart,
Nerving his arm to play its part,
The music of their simple prattle,
In the world's incessant battle
Thrills him as ringing clarion call
Stirreth the warrior's ardent soul.
So he labours hard and long,
Singing Pleasure's cheery song,
Mourneth now in accents drear
Darksome dirges of despair ;
Notes of joy and chords of pain
Blend in Life's mysterious strain.

Then with the lagging step of age
He traverseth Life's closing stage
Wreath'd in hiemal darkness drear,
Perchance of all that life held dear
Bereft ; the cheering hopes that lighted,
Gone, like the flowers in winter blighted ;
No longer glad his aged ear
The accents of his lov'd ones dear ;
Like some old tree that bends its form
Beneath the fury of the storm,
He bendeth low while life doth shed
Its winds and tempests on his head,
Until beneath the verdant sod
He mingles with his native clod.

And thus the tale of life goes on—
A meteor flash—and then 'tis gone,
A strain of music rich and rare
That dies upon the empty air ;
A tender flower, no sooner blown,

Than sinks it in some pathway lone.
 Of all the tales from ancient books
 By hermits read in peaceful nooks
 Most wondrous is the tale of life—
 Bright peaceful hours, dark days of strife,
 Gay peals of laughter, sorrow's tears,
 Hope's beaming sunshine, gloomy fears,
 Clangour gay of wedding bells,
 Dreary dirge of funeral knells,
 Perplexity, uncertainty,
 Care, restlessness, anxiety,
 Dark clouds with care and sorrow rife,
 Make up the total sum of life.

MY TRUE LOVE.

MY true love she is fair ;
 No lady in the land,
 However rich and grand,
 With my love can compare.
 My true love she is kind—
 A softer simpler heart,
 More free from guileful art
 You surely cannot find.
 My true love she is poor,
 But with her charms to grace
 My lowly dwelling-place,
 I ask for nothing more.
 My true love clings to me
 Through good report or ill,
 Come weal or woe, I've still
 Her love and sympathy.
 My true love she is dead.
 Upon her earthy pillow,
 Beneath the weeping willow
 They laid her golden head.
 And I am left alone ;
 The world is cold and hollow,
 O that I soon might follow
 Where my true love is gone !

THE LADY OF THE LAND.

A LOVELY lady of the land,
 Living in a mansion grand ;
 Beautiful and chaste was she
 As ever mortal eye did see ;
 A figure of exquisite mould,
 Her head adorned with coils of gold .
 Brightly shone her eyes of blue ;
 Ah, few were they, and very few,
 Who could the witchery withstand
 Of this proud lady of the land !
 Noble ones of high degree
 Sigh'd for her, but hopelessly ;
 Cupid aim'd his darts in vain ;
 Heedless of their heart's deep pain,
 She would tell them laughingly
 She preferr'd her liberty ;
 None would she of nuptial bond.
 Then her high-born lovers fond
 Could never hope to win the hand
 Of this cold lady of the land.
 But she met her fate one day ;
 A gallant youth came in her way,
 And her proud heart had to own
 At last had come the favour'd one ;
 But she would not bend her pride—
 Broken-hearted from her side
 To foreign lands he went away,
 And falling foremost in the fray,
 He perish'd by a foeman's hand,
 All through the lady of the land.
 But this lady of the land,
 Wealthy, beautiful, and grand,
 Had to feel Love's ceaseless pain,
 And she wished, but all in vain,
 He would come again to woo.
 Oh, he should not vainly sue !
 But he came not day by day,
 And pin'd she gradually away ;
 Then sank 'neath Death's unsparing hand
 The beauteous lady of the land.

THE JESTER.

I'M a jester by trade,
 In motley array'd ;
 With my bauble and bells
 I hold forth to the swells ,
 I've quips and I've cranks
 And comical pranks ;
 In satirical rhymes
 I hit off the times,
 I dwell on each foible and folly ;
 Mirth follows my track,
 For I've hit on the knack
 How to always appear to be jolly.

Though the keen tooth of sorrow
 Is gnawing my heart,
 Smiling visage I borrow,
 And practise the art
 Of always presenting a merry outside
 To the people around me whatever betide.

I can dance at your command
 Tarantella, saraband ;
 Rhyme you triplet, quartet, couplet,
 Clothe my Muse in homely doublet ;
 Or in vestiture patrician,
 At home in high or low position ;
 I'm full of funniosities ;
 Sparkling pun atrocities
 Audaciously I perpetrate ;
 Or with mien demure, sedate,
 Like a cleric learn'd I prate
 Of varying theologies,
 Of bursaries and colleges ;
 With my caustical wit
 Make the "palpable hit ;"
 With solemn sonorosity
 Dose you with philosophy,
 Tricks of verbal jugglery
 Rattle off like A B C—
 A model of ability,
 Of versatile fertility.

In the halls of the great,
Mid the grandeur of state,
The spirit, the soul of the revels ;
Oft when trial, grief, care,
Love, pain, hate, and despair
Rage within me like so many devils.

'Mid the gay rustic crowd,
How the laugh rings aloud
At my jokes and my antics so funny,
When oft tortures I feel,
Wounds that no balm can heal,
No patronage, favour, or money.

The plaything, the scorn
Of the lottily born,
A target at which would-be wits
May practise their skill,
While oft the gay belle
Laughs loud at their salleys and hits.

O ye damozels fair,
And gay gallants, beware !
Lest the jester his satires do fling ;
With the edge of my dart
I can pierce each proud heart,
As the fowler the bird on the wing.

In a staid party humdrum,
The solemn conundrum
Propounding with proper decorum,
A dull mess of pottage
Of dry anecdotage
With humility setting before 'em.

With a smile on my face
I endure while his Grace
Draws forth a long Latin quotation ;
Then I ope the scant store
Of my classical lore,
For each prosy divine's delectation.

Then the fool must be clever,
 And never, no never,
 Be dull, flat, or mopish, downhearted ;
 His mirth must not know
 An ebb in its flow,
 Or soon on his way he'll be started.

His wit must be light,
 His satire be bright,
 Corruscations meteorologic,
 His knowledge of law
Sans error or flaw,
 Convincing and cutting his logic.

Like Yorick of yore,
 The house in a roar
 To keep's his peculiar function,
 Or my Lord will look black,
 Maybe give him the "sack"
 Without ruth or the slightest compunction.

Thus through Life's little day
 Goes the fool on his way,
 Strange admixture of mirth, melancholy,
 And the world much may learn,
 Had it eyes to discern,
 From the "Merryman" and from his folly.

 THE TALE OF LOVE.

WHEN mellow Evening's placid beam
 Bath'd meadow, hill, and slumb'ring stre
 I wander'd with my own true love
 Athrough the stilly verdant grove ;
 I gaz'd upon her ripening charms,
 And press'd her fondly in my arms,
 Oft tasting in delicious sips
 Rich nectar from her ruby lips,
 As 'neath Diana's glances pale
 I softly breath'd love's tender tale.

O beauteous love, earth's purest joy,
Sweet bliss unmingl'd with alloy ;
How dark and drear this world would be
Without thy lovely radiancy !
What visions fair dost thou unfold,
How many a heart like marble cold
Hath melted 'neath thy fervent ray,
And bow'd to thy resistless sway !
The diamond's dazzling ray must pale
Before the light of love's sweet tale.

Our vows we fondly did renew,
The flatterer Hope fair pictures drew
Of joys to come in future days ;
The world unto our sanguine gaze
Seem'd as a garden wond'rous fair,
With luscious fruits and flowers rare ;
The memory of that blissful night
Oft fills me with a deep delight,
When 'neath the beam of Dian pale
I whisper'd Love's delicious tale.

DRIVE THEM BACK OVER THE WATER.

WHEN war's ringing clarion the sailor invites
To action, no dangers appal him.
For the heart of the patriot ever delights
To be found where'er duty may call him ;
As the shots thickly fly, his courage soars high,
At home 'mid the din and the slaughter ;
Cries each bold jolly Jack, Now, my lads, drive them back,
Drive them back over the water.

Our ancestors bled in the brave days of old,
And won us a name great in story ;
Then pass'd down the order to us to uphold
The traditions of Albion's glory ;
To our charge ever true, our best will we do,
Let the foe come from every quarter ;
And again and again shall they try, but in vain,
We'll drive them back over the water.

MEMORY.

TARRY NOT.

O TARRY not, my peerless love,
 Beneath thy lattice pane I wait ;
 Come, and together we will rove
 Down by the little wicket gate—
 The dear familiar place of tryst—
 Where first we told Love's tender tale,
 Where first thy blushing face I kiss'd
 Beneath Diana's glances pale.

O darksome are the bluest skies,
 Dull Nature's robe of sweetest green,
 If the bright sunshine of thine eyes
 Illumine not the mundane scene ;
 Arise, O come, my life, my queen,
 I live not until thou art near ;
 No clouds of earth can intervene,
 If thou, my orient, appear.

MEMORY.

O MEMORY ! sweet mysterious thing,
 Thy reproducing power I sing.
 Led by thy wonder-working hand,
 How oft into the Past's dim land
 Our busy thoughts long journeys make,
 And, full of wistful longing, take
 A tender glance at bygone times.
 In fancy oft, like silvery chimes,
 Soft, dulcet-like, distinctly clear,
 There fall upon our listening ear
 The tones of many a dear-lov'd voice,
 That erstwhile made our heart rejoice.
 Soft whispers of some darling one—
 Who from Life's chequer'd scene hath gone.
 How oft thy beauteous light imparts
 Sweet balm unto our wounded hearts ;
 As through thy telescope we gaze
 And snatch from glimpses of past days
 A momentary sweet relief
 From present trials, present grief.

We wander by the golden shore
Of thy fair ocean, and explore
Again with busy eager gaze
Sweet Childhood's sunny, happy days.
We see again the friends so true
In whose companionship we drew
Sweet draughts of purest happiness,
Dear friends, heaven-given souls to bless,
The future to our ardent gaze
With Hope's bright glory all ablaze.
Alas ! alas ! how very few
Have realis'd the hopes that threw
Such golden glamour o'er the way
In young Life's roseate-tinted day !
How many sadden'd hearts have prov'd
What 'tis to see all hope remov'd,
Their glowing visions all dispell'd,
Mere flimsy, ærial structures fell'd
By the relentless, powerful hand
Of conquering Time, who waves his wand
And works such changes in Life's scene.
Victorious Death, with sickle keen,
Hath made such desolating gaps
In love's bright circle ; now, perhaps,
The soft, unbidden tear may rise
And dim the brightness of the eyes
That rest upon this lowly page,
As visions of a father sage
Come clearly up before the mind.
Ye tender tears ! flow unconfin'd ;
Sweet are the tears that owe their birth
To memories of a father's worth.
How sweet the task to fondly trace
The bending form and kind grave face
Of her who, in our tender years,
Sooth'd all our pains and calm'd our fears,
And softly woo'd for us sweet rest
Upon her tender, faithful breast ;
Who closely watch'd our gradual growth
From infancy to vigorous youth,
Striving with counsels kind and wise

HE HAS GONE.

To set before our youthful eyes
 Fair Wisdom's sacred, pleasant road,
 And, by her bright example, shew'd
 What 'twas to trust in God always
 Through brief Life's fleeting, changeful days.
 What tongue can tell, what measure prove
 The greatness of a mother's love ?
 Its ocean depths what line can sound ?
 No better friend on earth is found.
 How oft amid our doubts and fears,
 Her soft tones fall upon our ears,
 Lessening Life's dull weary strain,
 Telling of union again
 On yonder tranquil shining shore
 When our pilgrimage is o'er.
 O come fond Memory ! oft again,
 And lighten up this earthly plain ;
 Oft when at close of toilsome day,
 Our aching frames to rest we lay ;
 When all-pervading, queenly night,
 In sable robe enfolds the light,
 Reveal each dear familiar scene—
 The things and places that have been.

HE HAS GONE.

HE has gone, we have parted in anger,
 He has left me in wounded pride,
 And a tender word would have recall'd him
 With swiftness again to my side ;
 But pride my affection o'er-master'd,
 And that soft word, alas ! was not said ;
 But, without a farewell, he has left me,
 And all life's sweet sunshine is fled.
 He said that I never had lov'd him—
 Ah me ! how the cruel word went through
 My heart like the point of a dagger ;
 O darling one, if you but knew
 How sad is my heart, and how lonely,
 How dear, how unspeakably dear
 Thou art, and must ever be to me—
 I would give all the world wert thou near.

LIFE'S INEQUALITIES.

TO some this world's a garden fair,
 Where flowers and fruit luxuriant grow ;
 Across their pathway pain and care
 No soul-bedark'ning shadows throw.

To some it is a sterile field,
 A dreary unproductive waste,
 And what scant measure it doth yield
 Is ofttimes bitter to the taste.

To some it is a ceaseless fight
 'Gainst difficulties—adverse bands,
 Where oft 'tis seen that might, not right,
 Triumphant at the issue stands.

While, undisturb'd by strife's alarms,
 Some hold an even, tranquil way,
 And lovely Peace, in all her charms,
 Sheds o'er their path her mellow ray.

To some 'tis like an azure sky,
 Unchequer'd by a speck of grey ;
 No darksome clouds of sorrow nigh,
 But one serene, unbroken day.

To others, like a funeral pall
 Appears the aspect of life's sky,
 That shuts out from the prospect all
 That's pleasant, cheering to the eye.

To some it is a stormy deep ;
 Huge billows leap, with foaming crest,
 And adverse winds in fury sweep—
 A deep, perpetual unrest.

To others 'tis a placid lake,
 Athwart whose bosom silvery clear
 In joy and ease their way they take,
 Without a doubt or thought of fear.

In fair Fortuna's chariot bright
 Some lightly bowl along life's way,
 And hail with breast serene and light
 The joys of each recurring day ;

While others through the gloomy vale
 Of poverty limp worn and sore ;
 Misgivings dire their hearts assail,
 The wolf stands ever at the door.

Ask we the question, why it is
 Such inequalities there be ?
 Why some should have so much of bliss ;
 Others so much of misery !

That question never will receive
 Its answer here ; we may not know
 The why and wherefore till we leave
 This scene of mingling joy and woe.

Whate'er our rank, our portion here ;
 Whate'er of good or ill we have ;
 With death distinctions disappear ;
 We all are equal in the grave.

Just as through various channels flow
 The streams that swell the ocean vast,
 From mountain high, through valley low,
 And reach the same great bourne at last ;

So borne on Time's resistless tide,
 Life's serried masses onward sweep,
 Through toil and want, or pomp and pride,
 Into eternity's great deep.

THE EMIGRANT SHIP.

THE good ship leaves the busy quay,
 Laden with a precious freight,
 She rapidly puts out to sea,
 With swelling canvas, snowy white,
 Bearing within her ample breast
 A little world of doubts and fears,
 Of anxious hearts in eager quest
 Of brighter days in distant spheres.

In thoughtful, tearful groups they stand
Upon the stately vessel's deck,
Gazing intently, till the land

Fades in the distance like a speck ;
The dire reflection makes them sad
That their dimmed eyes shall look in vain,
When but a few short hours are fled,
For their dear-lov'd land again.

The manly youth, the pride, the hope
Of some poor lonely widow'd heart,
Goes forth with life's stern facts to cope
In fertile field or crowded mart.

Before his eager, sanguine eyes
Fond Fancy spreads a picture fair,
Painted in Hope's most brilliant dyes,
And pleasure banishes dull care.

The beauteous maid, leaving her home,
Drawn gently by Love's silken chain,
In simple trustfulness to roam
The blue expanse of ocean main,
To meet upon some distant strand,
The choice of her fond faithful heart,
And, bound by holy nuptial band,
To constant cleave till death shall part.

That erring one, in deep disgrace,
Poor exile from his native land,
Wearing upon his careworn face
The felon's dark degrading brand ;
Retreating wisely from temptations,
So he, perchance, may earn again,
In new scenes, new associations,
A place 'midst honourable men.

The honest-hearted labouring band,
Sad children of adversity,
Unable longer to withstand
The pressure of necessity,
Seeking with earnest, anxious eyes
A chance in some less crowded sphere,
To win 'neath more propitious skies
The right to live denied them here.

Though dangers manifold and dread
 May hover darkly o'er their way,
 Though they perhaps, in watery bed
 May rest ere dawns another day ;
 Bright hope each bosom up doth buoy—
 Trustful and patient, strong and brave,
 With whispers sweet of coming joy,
 When they have cross'd the heaving wave.

Kind heaven befriend these wand'ring souls,
 O rest them calmly in His care
 Whose matchless might the deep controls,
 And rules the boundless realms of air.
 Soon may they all in safety gain
 The haven where they fain would be,
 Find home and friends beyond the main,
 And dwell in calm security.

 MY LADY SLEEPS.

MY Lady sleeps ; kind angels, guard her
 Through the night's dark solemn hour ;
 Here will I stand, her faithful warder,
 Till on hill, and stream, and flower
 Bright Aurora's roseate ray
 Rest, presaging golden day.

My lady sleeps, my dearest treasure
 Safely keep, ye spirits fair !
 Morning-light can bring no pleasure,
 Dawn it e'er so brightly fair,
 Till my lov'd one, safe from harms,
 Glad my eyes with her sweet charms.

Phœbe gilds her snowy pillow
 With her softest purest ray ;
 Philomela on the willow
 Breathes forth Love's delicious lay ;
 Angel guards, my love defend,
 Sweetest dreams her sleep attend.

SLEEP, CALMLY SLEEP.

SLEEP, calmly sleep, poor child of sorrow !
 Sweet be thy dreams,
 Fond fancies whispering of a to-morrow
 Ting'd with the beams
 Of Hope's most radiant, roseate light ;
 A future fair, all prosperous and bright.

Sleep, calmly sleep, O wanderer weary !
 Forget thy woes ;
 Forget life's journey-path, so long and dreary,
 Its battle throes ;
 In Lethe's water steep thy wearied brain,
 And snatch a respite brief from all thy care and pain.

Sleep, sailor, sleep ! although thy pillow
 The restless deep,
 The ceaseless music of the heaving billow
 Thy senses steep ;
 Secure and tranquil on thy rude bed lie,
 Beneath His watchful care Who rules the sea and sky.

Sleep, soldier, sleep ! the cannon's rattle
 Will thee ere long
 Awaken ; and the horrid din of battle,
 Where perils throng
 Shall summon thee to meet thy country's foes ;
 Strength for the coming fray find thou in deep repose.

Sleep, calmly sleep, O orphan desolate !
 Safe in His care
 Whose strong right hand shall make thy pathway straight ;
 From every snare
 He will deliver, be with thee in distress,
 And prove Himself a father unto the fatherless.

Sleep, softly sleep, O baby innocent !
 A shining band
 Of angels fair, on guardian mission sent,
 Around thee stand,
 Enfolding thee within their pinions white,
 That no ill dreams molest thy slumbers pure and light.

Sleep, calmly sleep, ye sick who languish
 On beds of pain ;
 Whose journey-way lies through the path of anguish ;
 Soon shall ye gain
 That blissful sphere—that sinless, painless land,
 Where the redeemed in immortal vigour stand.

O gentle sleep, worn Nature's faithful friend,
 In mercy given
 The ravages of toil and thought to mend ;
 Sweet gift of Heaven !
 All praise be unto Him Whose tender care bestows.
 This inestimable boon—the blessing of repose.

 THE LOVERS.

TWO lovers stand at a cottage door
 To breathe their sad adieux,
 The moon beams bright o'er hill and moor
 And silvers the falling dew ;
 Farewell ! farewell ! my beauteous love,
 He whispers tenderly,
 By yonder mellow moon above,
 I will return to thee.

Ah me, the weeping maid replied,
 How dark my lot will be
 When thou my love, my hope, my pride,
 Art on the rolling sea !
 And when the tempest's dreaded power
 Sweeps fiercely o'er the lea,
 My trembling heart will sink and cower,
 O stay, my love, with me !

Two lovers stand at a cottage door,
 Long years have roll'd away,
 Again the moon bathes hill and moor
 With her soft silvery ray ;
 As in his arms the maiden fair
 Nestles right lovingly,
 She whispers : Heaven has heard my prayer—
 And brought thee back to me.

THE IDIOT LAD.

WAND'RING low, and wand'ring high,
 With pallid face, "lac-klustre eye,"
 Peering round with vacant stare,
 Unkempt and matted his long hair
 Black as the raven's glossy wing,
 Now talking loud, 'non whispering,
 A poor half-witted hapless thing ;
 Oft on the air his piteous moan
 And mirthless tuneless laugh were borne
 From blushing morn to dusky gloaming
 From place to place incessant roaming ;
 A sight to make the thoughtful sad
 Was simple Tom, the idiot lad.

His mother, a fair rustic maid,
 By trusting love to ill betray'd,
 Into our peaceful village stray'd
 One day, and begg'd that she might rest,
 And the sweet baby at her breast ;
 She said she'd travell'd many a mile,
 And needed sorely rest awhile ;
 Touch'd by her looks and tone of grief,
 The neighbours proffer'd her relief ;
 Good Widow Robins bade her stay
 With her until her journey way
 She should be able to resume ;
 The kind old soul her humble room
 Shar'd with her sorrow-stricken guest,
 And bade the weary wand'rer rest.
 But ere the blush of Morning's light
 Had tipp'd with gold the lofty height,
 Her weary spirit took its flight,
 And when Sol's earliest rays were shed,
 They shone upon the stranger dead.

Then the neighbours fill'd with pity
 For the tender orphan pretty
 Left to tread Life's path alone,
 Took to the helpless little one ;
 They undertook to bring it up,
 That while they had a bite or sup

The child should share. Time roll'd along.
Into a lad active and strong
The orphan grew, alas ! sad truth,
A hopeless idiot from his youth.

The name of Tom they gave the boy ;
The farmers found him oft employ
To run on errands, help with hay,
And glean when yellow harvest lay
A waving field of golden corn.
He was a strange uncanny child,
Now quiet, tractable, and mild,
Anon impetuous and wild ;
Now setting off for days together,
Regardless he of wind and weather,
Roaming the dreary solitude,
The lonely dell, the pathless wood ;
Climbing with glee the lofty height,
Watching the birds till lost to sight,
Roaming through many a fragrant bower,
Culling full many a strange wild flower,
And weaving many a chaplet fair
To deck some maiden's golden hair.
Ofttimes beside the straying stream
The hapless lad would lie and dream—
In visions sweet his mother dear
A beauteous angel would appear,
Her face illum'd with holy joy,
Smiling upon her lonely boy.
Awaking with a bitter sigh
To find no tender mother nigh,
Then to the village he would come ;
A welcome warm in every home
Awaited him, for all were glad
To see again the idiot lad.
The little children ran to him ;
He'd humour them in varying whim.
He'd help the tiny babe to walk,
Smile at its first attempts to talk,
Join in the older children's play,
Go with them oft on holiday
On many a nutting expedition ;

So generous his disposition
That the last morsel he would share ;
The wearied youngster homeward bare
Upon his shoulders broad and strong,
Crooning some strange uncanny song.
Often at night when all was still,
Seated upon some lofty hill,
Poor Tom would gaze with wistful eye
Upon the still and solemn sky ;
When asked by us in calmer day
Why thus he wander'd, he would say :
" No ill can come by day or night
" To do me harm ; poor Tom's all right."
One day, while playing by the stream,
The lad was startled by a scream,
And turning round, saw with dismay
The torrent carrying away
The Squire's darling little daughter.
Swift as a dart, into the water
With exclamation loud he sprung,
Grasp'd the poor child, who tightly clung
To him till safely on the land
He plac'd his charge. With liberal hand
The Squire repay'd our hero grand,
And all the village were so glad
And proud of Tom, the idiot lad.
E'er busy Time whose ceaseless range
Works in our world such wondrous change,
Sweeping away the proud, the great,
The learn'd and the illiterate,
And many a mighty dynasty
Into Oblivion's deep wide sea,
Brought to our peaceful village woe,
For ruthless Death whose cruel blow
Or soon or late must lay us low
To bear away poor orphan Tom
With slow yet certain steps did come.
The deadly syptoms of his sway
Our eyes had mark'd for many a day—
The hectic flush upon the cheek,
His failing steps and utterance weak,

The racking cough that rent his frame,
 Shew'd the inexorable claim
 All owe poor Tom was doom'd to pay.
 Without a tremor of dismay
 He felt the awful change draw near,
 And strange to say, his mind more clear
 Became. The children soft did tread,
 And stood around his dying bed,
 While fast the pitying teardrops fell
 O'er the dear friend they lov'd so well.
 Then Tom with his poor failing voice
 Bade them the rather all rejoice
 That the kind angels soon would come
 To bear his peaceful spirit home.
 So gradually from day to day
 "Twixt heav'n and earth he ling'ring lay ;
 At times his busy mind seem'd straying,
 And he would fancy he was maying,
 Or wand'ring by the winding stream ;
 His eyes would brighten with a gleam,
 And he would murmur with delight :
 " Where'er I be, by day or night,
 " No harm can come ; poor Tom's all right."
 With tearful eyes and downcast head
 We stood in silence round his bed ;
 We caught the last few words he said.
 Raising his poor thin hand on high,
 He pointed with delighted cry :
 " See ! See ! My mother's standing there.
 " Do you not see her ? O, how fair !"
 Then fell his arms across his breast,
 And Tom the idiot was at rest.

 OUR GIFTS.

WE are not gifted all alike,
 To each is severally given
 His talents, opportunities
 By the will of All-wise Heaven.

To one is giv'n the gift of song,
The noble, elevating power
That smoothes the wrinkl'd brow of Care
And lightens up the festive hour.

Another wields with skilful grace
The pencil of the artist true,
And with facility portrays
The lovely face, the pleasing view.

Another plies with signal power
The ready writer's magic pen,
Pleading with moving eloquence
The varying interests of men.

This one's endow'd with ready wit,
With Intuition's eagle glance,
That sees, and seizes instantly
Advantages of timely chance,

While that man has the wisdom deep,
And penetrating gaze to pierce
The veil of mystery that enshrouds
The secrets of the universe.

Another an exhaustless fund
Of humour hath his soul within,
With pathos sweetly interspers'd,
And mingling mirth and tears doth win.

Another the rich tuneful gift
Of poetry, whose sacred fire,
Excelling learning, science, art,
To varying measures tunes his lyre.

While firmly in the tender heart
Of one, perchance to fame unknown,
That noblest, grandest gift of all—
Blest Charity—hath rear'd her throne.

And all these goodly gifts are given
To cheer the changeful lot of man,
And shed a beauteous radiance
Athwart this life's allotted span.

THE OLD YEAR.

OLD year, thou'rt drawing to a close ;
 We stand to watch thy dying throes ;
 We see thee draw each labour'd breath,
 Like mortal at the point of death.
 A few more hours and thou'lt be gone,
 Thy labours o'er, thy journey done—
 Into Oblivion's dark clime
 Borne hence by hoary-headed Time,
 Upon whose current swift and strong
 Man's finite race is borne along
 Until the Archangel's trumpet roar
 Proclaimeth "time to be no more."
 Yet, e'er thou quittest our poor sphere,
 Fain would I whisper in thine ear
 The tribute of the deep regard
 Of me, an unknown nameless bard.
 For thou hast been to me a friend,
 And gratitude could ne'er thy end
 Indifferently, coldly view.
 How closely have I watch'd thee through
 Thy circling way ! I saw thy form,
 And met thee with a greeting warm,
 When first a little helpless child
 Thou on this roving planet smil'd.
 I mark'd thy growth as week by week
 Rude tempests brush'd thy infant cheek,
 When blasts hiemal shook the plain,
 And Nature, bound in captive chain,
 Moan'd piteously until, as Spring,
 Thou didst a bright deliverance bring—
 Bedizen'd as a lovely maid
 In beauteous garb of light and shade.
 Again the birdling's thrilling song
 On ether mild was borne along ,
 Transform'd earth again was seen
 In her fair robe of vernal green,
 And on the trees, erstwhile so sere,
 The buds of promise did appear.
 Then I thy grander glories view'd
 When Summer bright bath'd hill and wood

In radiant sheen, and o'er the plain
 Was hung a flowery-scented chain,
 And golden-visag'd Sol was seen
 Presiding o'er the gladsome scene.
 Then, too, I mark'd with thoughtful eye,
 As swiftly onwards thou didst fly,
 Fair Summer's ripen'd beauties fade
 Until at length thou wert array'd
 In Autumn's vest of soberer hues—
 When deeper shades and sombre views,
 The yellow leaf and failing light
 Told eloquently Summer's flight.
 Then Winter with his arrows keen
 Came in to dominate the scene.
 Alas! array'd in cold and gloom,
 Old year, thou sinkest to thy tomb.

 MY LOVE.

MY love she is a maiden fair
 Whose deep blue eyes, light golden hair,
 And slender form so frail and slight
 Enthral me with a giant's might ;
 Led willing captive at her pleasure,
 She is my heart's best, dearest treasure.

My love is kind, her heart as true
 As yon ethereal azure blue
 That richly decks the summer skies ;
 Love beams within her melting eyes ;
 Secure from all Earth's vain alarms
 I rest me in her snowy arms.

My love's a maid with heart as brave
 As his who treads the restless wave,
 Or warrior's who the battle scene
 Surveys with bosom strong, serene ;
 And come what may, what ills betide,
 She aye will tarry by my side.

FANCYLAND.

I LOVE to gaze upon the night
 When all is mantl'd in repose,
 And over moor and mountain height
 The moon her chasten'd radiance throws.

The countless silvery stars that glow
 Like jewels in a robe of blue
 I love to see as on they go
 Sailing the aërial ocean through.

How beauteous is the rural scene
 In all its peaceful solitude,
 The slumbering stream, the meadow green,
 The solemn venerable wood !

And, gazing up into the night,
 With fancy's dreamy eye I see
 A realm most beauteous and bright,
 A land of deepest mystery.

O wondrous world of fancy-land !
 My weary soul I fain would rest
 Upon thy mystic airy strand,
 And quit this region of unrest.

Bright faces on me seem to smile,
 They speak to me in accents kind :
 Poor mortal, wait a little while
 In patient trust ; be strong, resign'd.

In this fair world are no false friends,
 No double-minded, insincere,
 Who use you but to serve their ends
 Taint not this purer atmosphere.

Alas ! oft with a bitter sigh
 I quit the realm of beauteous dreams
 To face the stern reality
 Of this poor round of sordid schemes.

O wondrous thought ! This world of ours
 Might be a region fair and grand,
 Would we employ for good the powers,
 The varying gifts at our command.

THE AUTHOR'S ASPIRATION.

TO your kind query, worthy friend,
 As to the hope, the aim, and end
 I have in view,
 With breast elate and kindling eye,
 Unhesitating my reply
 Make I to you :

The clouds that o'er my lowly fate
 So darkly lour to dissipate
 I mean to try,
 And up Parnassus's steep side,
 But once I gain a single stride,
 Climb by and by.

I know that better men than I
 Have at the same game had a try,
 And sadly fail'd ;
 I also know that others, too,
 Have bravely fought the battle through,
 And have prevail'd.

Although to aid my lofty aim
 Fair Learning's wealth I may not claim
 Of classic lore,
 Than Nature's spirit-stirring fire,
 The tuneful Muse to sweep my lyre,
 I ask no more.

Though difficulties throng the road
 That leads to Fortune's bright abode,
 And skies are black ;
 Though means are scant, and friends be few,
 My arduous journey I'll pursue,
 And ne'er look back.

Though adverse billows fiercely roll
 Their chilling currents o'er my soul,
 My goal I'll keep
 Right constantly before my view
 Until the toiler's guerdon due
 My efforts reap.

THE TRUE POLITICIAN.

TRUE-BORN Englishmen should never
 Be the abject servile minions
 Of any man how wise or clever ;
 But should hold their own opinions,
 Bas'd on Justice, Truth, and Reason,
 Though the advocates of " party "
 Dub it " heresy " and " treason,"
 If they fail to give a hearty
 Vote for any every scheme
 By some leading light propounded,
 Any vain Utopian dream
 On imagination founded.
 A man should act up to his own,
 Not another's sense of justice ;
 Better far to stand alone
 In manly honesty than trust his
 Conscience to the custody
 Of some autocratic leader ,
 His own conviction aye should be
 His only, his acknowledged leader,
 Whose strong persuasive eloquence
 Aye should win his leal allegiance ;
 Fearlessness of consequence,
 Deep disdain for mere expedience ;
 Honesty in all his dealings,
 Purity in all transactions,
 Deaf to sinister appealings
 Of corrupt dishonest factions ;
 Contempt for the majority
 When an unjust path pursuing,
 Giving the priority
 To Honour's dictates, never ruing.
 Let right be though the heavens descend,
 Should the true man's motto be,
 Though it cost him place or friend,
 Smile of popularity.
 The only honest politician,
 The only patriot is he
 Who, in the face of opposition,
 Maintains thus his integrity,

Ne'er to right or left hand swerving,
 Living only for the right ;
 True hero he, and well deserving
 A place in Honour's palace bright.

TO PEACE.

CALM-VISAG'D Peace, O spirit bless'd !
 Within this agitated breast
 Come take up thy abode ;
 Diffuse thy beauteous mellow light,
 And 'mid the darkness of the night
 Lead me o'er life's rough road.

Too long my soul hath been the nest
 Of care, anxiety, unrest,
 With all their darksome brood ;
 O spirit, beautiful and kind,
 People the cloister of my mind
 With thy sweet brotherhood !

For thee, thou pearl of greatest price,
 My wounded heart would sacrifice
 All that mankind holds dear ;
 Rank, honour, riches, deathless fame,
 If on my path thy sacred flame
 Might shine, a beacon clear.

Though lowly, insignificant,
 With thee celestial visitant,
 Sojourning in my cot ;
 Though destitute of worldly good,
 Enrich'd with thy sweet quietude,
 Most blessèd were my lot.

As He Who bade the waves be still,
 And still'd their tumult at His will,
 Do thou, benignant Peace,
 Breathe gently o'er my troubl'd breast,
 Lull all my anxious fears to rest,
 Bid all my sorrows cease.

LITTLE SWEETHEART.

LITTLE sweetheart, why so cruel?
 Why look so disdainfully?
 Brighter than the brightest jewel
 Are the eyes that rest on me,
 Gazing with such icy scorn
 On this sunny summer morn.

Little sweetheart, can'st not love me?
 See'st thou not my bitter woe;
 Ah, how shall my poor words move thee,
 Warm that bosom white as snow;
 At thy feet my heart I lay,
 Dearest lov'd one, say not Nay.

Is it vain? Must I then leave thee?
 Hast thou then no love to give?
 Well, I will not longer grieve thee,
 Though I know not how to live;
 Little sweetheart, I depart,
 With a sad, a broken heart.

O SING THOSE SONGS AGAIN.

O SING to me, my mother dear,
 In accents soft and low,
 The songs that I so lov'd to hear
 In days of long ago;
 As on my ear they gently fall
 They soothe me in my pain;
 How sweet the memories they recall,
 O sing those songs again!

Yes, sing to me, my mother dear,
 Each old familiar strain,
 Until in Fancy's vision clear
 I seem to see again
 The dear lov'd ones of long ago
 On Memory's golden plain,
 And I forget my present woe,
 O sing those songs again!

DAFFODILS.

PURE paly golden daffodils,
 The sight of you with pleasure fills
 One's heart ; while yet hiemal chills
 Tenaciously are lingering,
 Ye come, bright harbingers of spring,
 Bringing with you a genial glow
 Of warmth and rush of happiness,
 The heart of man to cheer and bless.
 'Tis sweet to see your yellow bells
 Waving in the woodland dells ;
 Nature's sweet children pure and meek,
 To fancy's ear ye seem to speak
 With simple unaffected art,
 And would that we within our heart
 Did treasure up your pleasant lore ;
 Ye come to bring the priceless ore
 Of purest and unmingl'd joy,
 To find our powers sweet employ.
 And as at you the pensive eye
 Gazes, the mind is borne away,
 And yielding unto Fancy's sway,
 Flits on her magic pinions fleet
 Through an enchanted region sweet,
 Till, lost in rapture exquisite,
 We rise above the wearying strain
 Of earthly cares and worldly pain.
 And thus, sweet children of the wood,
 Ye are the ministers of good,
 Speaking to us the power of Him,
 Creation's God, the Lord Supreme ;
 Your tender forms with joy we greet,
 And render you a tribute meet,
 Of by-gone days ye sweetly tell ;
 Waft us to scenes remember'd well ;
 Our childhood's hour we live again,
 Again we scour the grassy plain
 And listen to the birds' sweet strain.
 Heaven's beauteous mute messengers,
 Bringing to us poor passengers

IN THE GLOAMING.

On this life's tempestuous sea
 Bright gleams of Nature's radiancy ;
 Welcome, ye dryads of the dells,
 Pale golden-crested daffodils.

IN THE GLOAMING.

SITTING musing in the gloaming
 By the ingle's ruddy glow,
 Busy Fancy fondly roaming
 To the days of long ago ;
 What a troupe of mem'ries pleasant
 Visit us in lovely train,
 Linking both the past and present
 In a beauteous golden chain !

Visions of our happy childhood,
 When in Life's bright morning beam
 Roam'd we through the tangl'd wild wood
 Sported by the winding stream,
 Gaily through the fragrant meadow
 Chas'd the flitting butterfly,
 When no soul bedark'ning shadow
 Dimm'd the brightness of our sky.

Visions of a tender mother,
 Of a father kind and sage ;
 How we seem to see him turning
 O'er the Bible's sacred page !
 A sister fair, a darling brother,
 All the friends so firm and true,
 Gazing tenderly upon us
 Our fond fancy seems to view.

Glimpses of the dear departed,
 Visions sweet of bygone days,
 Come to us when we're downhearted,
 Fainting on Life's rugged ways ;
 Be like guardian angels near us
 In the gloom of Sorrow's night,
 Sent to strengthen and to cheer us,
 Guiding us to joy and light.

THE GIRL I LOV'D LONG YEARS AGO.

TIS but a lock of flaxen hair,
 But O, how dear it is to me,
 It oft recalls a vision fair
 Enshrined within my memory.
 Earth holds for me no dearer thing ;
 Its power's secret would you know ?
 It brings me back on Fancy's wing
 The girl I lov'd long years ago.

I see the little wicket gate—
 The dear familiar place of tryst—
 Where my impatient heart did wait,
 And her fair face I fondly kiss'd ;
 While all the myriad stars above
 Smil'd on two tender hearts below—
 On me and on my beauteous love,
 The girl I lov'd long years ago.

I see her form of queenly grace
 Move lightly in the dreamy dance ;
 Again I see her lovely face
 Blush brightly at my ardent glance.
 No matter where I chance to be,
 She goes with me where'er I go ;
 In vision sweet I ever see
 The girl I lov'd long years ago.

RULES OF LIFE.

ACT according to your light,
 Ever champion the right ;
 Strive to keep a conscience clear,
 Ever upright, true, sincere ;
 Treasure all Life's fleeting hours ;
 Labour to improve your powers,
 Self-reliant, independent,
 Aye to Duty's call attendant ;
 Moderately drink of pleasure,
 Usefully employ your leisure,
 Violate no natural laws ;

CHRISTMAS IS HERE.

Be not looking out for flaws
 In another's mode of life ;
 Shun all bickerings and strife ;
 Honour give where it is due ;
 Take not a one-sided view,
 Truth's irradiating rays
 Catch by looking various ways ;
 On this world set no great store,
 Of its riches seek no more
 Than will satisfy your needs ;
 Fill each day with noble deeds,
 Thus ; whatever your position,
 Be ye plebeian or patrician,
 Acting in the living present,
 Making life a picture pleasant
 Deck'd in sweetly blending colours,
 God's obedient, willing scholars,
 Carrying out His every teaching ;
 All your aspirations reaching
 Forward to a realm sublime,
 Upward to a sinless clime
 Far beyond the tomb and time.

CHRISTMAS IS HERE.

BORNE on Time's fleeting wing,
 Christmas is here !
 Of Season's Chief and King,
 Christmas is here !
 His jolly, ruddy face,
 Beaming in every place,
 Doth sorrow, care, displace,
 Christmas is here !
 List to the chiming bells
 Christmas is here !
 Their merry music tells
 Christmas is here !
 To Childhood's bosom light,
 To Youth, with visions bright,
 To Age, with tresses white,
 Alike, how dear !

Ring out your tidings glad,
 Christmas is here !
 Tell to the poor, the sad,
 Christmas is here.
 He comes for season brief,
 Bringing a sweet relief,
 Tell them to cease their grief—
 Christmas is here !
 Bedeck the stately hall—
 Christmas is here !
 The labourer's cottage small—
 Christmas is here !
 Bring the green holly bough,
 Where the red berries glow,
 And the pale mistletoe—
 Christmas is here !
 Time of re-unions sweet—
 Christmas is here !
 Dear ones long parted meet—
 Christmas is here !
 Some from the rolling brine,
 From terra's central line
 Homeward their steps incline
 From far and near.
 Bid discord, malice cease—
 Christmas is here !
 Let all be joy and peace—
 Christmas is here !
 Ye rich in this world's good,
 Out of your plenitude
 Succour Earth's needy brood—
 Christmas is here.
 List to the Christmas bells,
 Tuneful and clear !
 Their cheering measure swells—
 Christmas is here !
 Join we with heart and tongue
 In the triumphant song,
 The gladsome strain prolong—
 Christmas is here !

THE BUCCANEER.

THE SEA.

I LOVE the sea, the grand wild sea,
 When the wind is whistling gay and free ;
 I love it when fair morning breaks
 O'er its blue face in orient streaks,
 And Sol pours down his golden sheen ;
 Superb and gorgeous is the scene.

I love to wander by the sea
 When the wavelets murmur plaintively,
 And the sportive sea-birds frequent rest
 Upon its gently heaving breast,
 That shines like a field of silver bright ;
 Yes, the ocean then is a glorious sight.

And even when the tempest raves,
 And boil and leap the giant waves,
 Lifting their whiten'd crests on high
 Until they seem to touch the sky;
 Yes, the aspect of the stormy sea
 Presents peculiar charms to me.

THE BUCCANEER.

A MERRY-HEARTED Buccaneer,
 Through mist and foam I gaily roam,
 Nor danger fear ;
 Though winds may blow or high or low,
 I laugh ha ! ha ! I laugh ho ! ho !
 To friendly gales I spread my sails,
 And flit o'er ocean's blue expanse ;
 I laugh ha ! ha ! I laugh ho ! ho !
 While song and dance my mirth enhance.
 Through Neptune's realms a ranger,
 Singing gaily,
 Though face to face with danger
 I am daily ;
 And when the storm is over,
 Tra-la-la,
 At ease reclines the rover,
 Tra-la-la ;

Then with the magic music of my ha ! ha ! ha !
 Grim-visag'd Care I quickly drive away ;
 And I beg to intimate I'm prepared for any fate,
 For my heart is always gay.

When a wealthy prize comes in our way,
 My gallant band with ready hand
 Attack their prey ;

As the luckless foe goes down below,
 I laugh ha ! ha ! I laugh ho ! ho !
 With wealth untold of gleaming gold
 I tightly pack my vessel's hold ;
 I laugh ha ! ha ! I laugh ho ! ho !
 I and my vassals strong and bold ;
 When attack'd by cruisers irate,
 True and ready, cool and steady
 They ever find this pirate,
 Ever ready ;

With courage, self-reliance
 Them I meet and defeat,
 And laugh in cool defiance
 As I see them retreat ;

And when the fray is o'er, with my light guitar,
 To pleasure then I yield the happy day ;
 And my loud ha ! ha ! ringing near and far,
 Tells the Corsair's heart is gay.

All Love's entanglements I shun,
 And venom'd fangs of jealous pang ;
 Each lovely one

I love them all where'er I go,
 I laugh ha ! ha ! I laugh ho ! ho !
 The blinded god projects his dart
 All vainly at the Corsair's heart.

I laugh ha ! ha ! I laugh ho ! ho !

And mock at Beauty's wile and art.
 Their sighs I never heed 'em,

Nor their anguish as they languish,
 But laugh in joyous freedom,

As they seek me to vanquish ;
 Like the wind, inconstant ever,
 I would roam, I would roam,

A mind like mine can never
Rest at home.

I banish saucy Cupid with my ha ! ha ! ha !
And acknowledge not the pretty tyrant's sway,
Marital felicity will never do me,
For my heart is always gay.

I gaily sing from morn till night ;
While others go through shades of woe
My heart is light ;

No ebb doth know my mirth's full flow ;
I laugh ha ! ha ! Likewise ho ! ho !

A king I rule, my throne my deck,
Of party warfare nought I reckon ;
I laugh ha ! ha ! I laugh ho ! ho !
As like a bird my barque doth go ;

To the service of Queen Pleasure

Do I daily

Yield willingly my leisure,

Singing gaily,

As through her fairy palace

I gallivant

And taste her sparkling chalice

Jubilant ;

I never suffer trouble to disturb my peace,

And to all my fellow mortals I would say ;

Whether life be short or long, or things go right or wrong,

Let the heart be always gay.

THE WIND.

I SING of the mysterious wind,
Through Nature roaming unconfin'd,
Roving through the fragrant bowers,
Fondly dallying with the flowers,
A fitful friend, a faithless lover,
A swaggering, royst'ring, reckless rover,
Laughing, shrieking, whistling, whirling,
Sighing, sporting, raving, twirling
Round and round in courseless caper
Unoffending scraps of paper,

Bullying the yellow leaves,
Moaning round the cottage eaves,
Sweeping o'er the sodden'd ground,
With a swirling rushing sound ;
Murmuring plaintive minstrelsies
In and out the leafy trees,
Swaying the yellow-crested corn,
'Neath its onward rush o'erborne,
In the lonely woodland sighing,
Like the sound of mortal dying,
Riding on the restless sea,
Lashing its billows furiously,
Till they writhe and leap in pain,
Plunging full fathoms deep again,
Mocking the lightning's lurid flashing,
The dreaded thunder's horrid crashing,
Drowning the seaman's dying shriek,
Exulting o'er the yielding creak
As the feeble timbers break.
And now again thou'rt softly playing,
Athrough the lattice window straying,
The fever'd brow in coolness steeping
Of the tender infant sleeping.
O wondrous power strange and strong,
I love thy weird mysterious song ;
Sometimes thou hast a soothing strain,
That falls like balm upon my pain,
Administ'ring a sweet relief ;
Anon in melting tones of grief
Thou singest with unstudied art,
Till chords responsive in the heart
Vibrate ; thou hast as many moods
As Earth's innumerable broods.
Mankind's e'er varying emotions
Are typified in thy commotions ;
Thou'rt full of change, inconstancy,
So is our frail humanity,
And thou and we from day to day
Th' incomparable might display
Of Him Who rules with matchless skill
The whole creation at His will.

THE LITTLE MESSENGER.

A PRETTY little flower,
 Blooming all alone,
 Fed by sun and shower,
 By soft breezes blown.

Distant from the highway,
 Hid from public view,
 In a lonely by-way
 This little flower grew.

Growing discontented
 With its lowly state,
 The flow'ret fair lamented
 Oft disconsolate.

Fretfully it murmured :
 " Mine's a luckless lot,
 Secluded and unnotic'd
 In this lonely spot.

" What use is my beauty ?
 Seldom passes by
 Anyone to view me
 With admiring eye.

" Wasted is my perfume
 On the lone air shed,
 I'm so very useless,
 Would that I were dead."

There came a little maiden
 One sunny summer day,
 Her rosy arms were laden
 With leaves and flowers gay.

" O what a pretty flower "
 Delightedly cried she ;
 " I'm so glad I've found you ;
 You must come with me."

The maiden in her posy
 Plac'd the little flower,
 And laugh'd aloud in pleasure
 In the sunny hour.

Then soon her busy footsteps
Carried her away
Into a darken'd chamber
Where a sick man lay.

A strange young man, an exile
From his native land ;
She plac'd the rural beauty
In his poor thin hand.

He gaz'd upon the flower
With sorrow in his eye,
And from his heaving bosom
Came a troubl'd sigh.

Thick o'er the fragile petals
The tender teardrops fell
As Memory recall'd him
Old times remember'd well.

His mother's fav'r'te flower
It was ; and in a tone
Of wondrous moving power
It spoke of her now gone.

It told of all her goodness
To him, unceasing care ;
Her days of loving labour,
And nights of earnest prayer.

And then he saw her lying
Upon her dying bed ;
He heard as he stood crying
The last fond words she said.

Again with poignant anguish
He saw his life of sin ;
With deep remorse reflected
How wicked he had been.

And from his trembling bosom
Uprose the humble plea—
“ Against Thee have I sinned—
Have mercy, Lord, on me.”

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

And He Who never closes
 To contrite ones His ear
 In gracious mercy sent him
 An answer to his prayer.
 Then the poor weary wand'rer
 Sank peacefully to rest,
 His mother's fav'rite flower
 Clasp'd tightly to his breast.
 So the flower that lamented
 Within its lone abode
 Became a guardian angel
 That led a soul to God.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

EARTH hath many a pleasure fair,
 Many a sorrow, many a snare,
 Hath many a trial hard to bear ;
 Heaven hath rest from toil and care.
 Earth hath many a prospect bright,
 Earth hath many a vain delight,
 Many a labour, many a fight ;
 Heaven hath realms of dimless light.
 Earth hath many a pang of woe,
 Earth hath many a cruel blow,
 Earth hath many a deadly foe ;
 No ills nor harms Heaven's people know.
 Earth hath many a dazzling light,
 Earth hath many a withering blight,
 Many a painful sleepless night ;
 Heaven hath ineffable delight.
 Earth hath many a pleasure vain,
 Many a dreary desert plain,
 For nought oft times in toil we strain ;
 Heaven hath incomparable gain.
 Earth hath mingling sighs and tears,
 Earth hath anxieties and fears,
 Sad funeral bells, funereal biers ;
 But Heaven hath painless deathless spheres.

HOPE.

O F all the gracious gifts that God
 Hath on the sons of men bestow'd
 To aid them in Life's pilgrim way
 None sweeter is than Hope's fair ray.

O sanguine sunny-hearted Hope,
 Oft art thou as a timely rope
 Flung to the soul that helplessly
 Is borne on the tempestuous sea !

Thou comest deck'd in roseate light
 Dispersing Sorrow's densest night,
 When trouble with its circling gloom
 Enfolds the heart as in a tomb.

The lab'ring man amid the moil
 Of daily care and arduous toil
 Experiences thy cheering power,
 Anticipating the glad hour

When he shall to his home repair
 And find sweet relaxation there,
 Join in his children's artless glee
 And taste home's deep felicity.

The soldier, too, amid the roar
 Of battle's din, when cannon pour
 Their deadly volleys far and wide,
 Hopes for the time when War's red tide

Shall be roll'd back by gentle Peace
 And battle's dreadful tumults cease ;
 When he may, scatheless from the strife,
 Enfold again his own dear wife

Unto his manly faithful heart,
 And from her breast extract the dart
 Anxiety had planted there,
 And see again his children dear.

The hope of safely reaching home
Cheers the bold fishers as they roam,
And mid the perils of the wave
Fills them with strength and makes them brave.

The invalid on bed of pain
Is cheer'd and bless'd oft and again
By visions sweet of rosy health,
That precious gift—Heaven's choicest wealth.

How doth the radiant spirit, too,
Paint to the toiling author's view
The golden region of success
His weary fainting soul to bless !

The merchant, too, whose eye doth range
With anxious gaze o'er the exchange,
Hopes ardently to realise
Large profits from his enterprise.

It nerves the timid lover's heart
And strength and courage doth impart,
As he essays in labour hard
To win his lov'd one's kind regard.

The student who in labours deep
Toileth while others calmly sleep,
Hopes for a guerdon for his pains—
A place in Learning's fair domains.

The husbandman with liberal hand
Soweth the seed within his land,
And hopes for sun and genial rain
To feed and fructify the grain.

How oft but for the cheering power
Would sink the spirit in the hour
Of dire distress when carking Care
Leads to the verge of dark Despair.

Thank Heav'n that sunny Hope is here,
Gilding the clouds that oft appear,
Sustaining the frail soul of man
As he pursues his measur'd span !

A LIFE THOUGHT.

BROTHER, do the best you can ;
 Envy not thy fellow man
 If he wiser be than you ;
 All may not be learn'd or clever ;
 Have not the gifts nor the endeavour,
 Yet all may be kind and true ;
 All may Virtue's path pursue.

Brother, though in Learning's school
 Thou may be esteem'd a fool,
 You may play a master part
 In the grand academy
 Of our vast humanity,
 With true refinement of the heart,
 Which scholar's lore cannot impart.

The noble with his garter'd knee,
 His coronet and pedigree,
 In all the pride and pomp of state,
 If heart and conduct be not right,
 Is worthless in God's holy sight ;
 The virtuous alone are great,
 Whether of high or low estate.

To love is better than to sway ;
 To win a soul from error's way
 Is better than to mount a throne ;
 To mitigate earth's woes and pains
 And bind in Love's soft silken chains
 Humanity from zone to zone
 Is work that Heaven will proudly own.

A GREETING.

YE busy scribes, afflicted with
Cacoethes scribendi,
 Ye roving gay Bohemian race,
 A friendly greeting send I ;
Bon camarades all, whate'er your theme,
 Verse, prose, or fact, or fiction,
 Do not permit that vile word trite
 A place within your diction.

With the thievish plagiaristic crew
 Make ye no compromise ;
 But pure originality
 With deep affection prize ;
 In borrow'd literary plumes
 Be not content to shine ;
 But wear with pride your lowlier garb,
 Your own robes, if less fine.

Stick to your own particular style,
 Shun slavish imitation ;
 Let not the thoughts of critics cause
 The slightest trepidation ;
 With Nature as your one great book,
 Her pages bright your teachers,
 Your only academic lore
 Her ever-varying features.

To win attention to your page,
 Exhaust your store of tactic ;
 Adopt concise simplicity,
 But rarely be didactic ;
 The thoughts that you would fain express—
 Hide not with high-flown language
 That makes the task of following you
 A source of cruel anguish.

The peacock, gorgeous to the view,
 In plumage richly rare,
 Emitteth a discordant note
 That jars upon the air ;
 So oft, too, pompous prose or verse,
 Deck'd with pedantic art,
 Breathes not the soul of music sweet—
 Its soul, its chiefest part.

Thus go your ways, my comrades all,
 Ye merry men of letters,
 Scorning alike the smile or frown
 Of those your so-call'd betters ;
 Dispensing in your varying spheres
 Truth's precious golden light,
 And, never-wavering fealty swear
 To honour, justice, right.

"AVE MARIA."

THIS Evening's hour sweetly fair ;
 Upon the stilly balmy air
 Softly ascends soft the holy prayer—
Ave Maria.

Within the convent's peaceful ground
 A solemn stillness reigns profound,
 But broken by the sacred sound,
Ave Maria.

Now meadow, copse, and fairy dell
 Seem resting 'neath a holy spell ;
 Tinkles the distant shepherd's bell—
Ave Maria.

The sinking sun's soft mellow smile
 Rests on the wide cathedral aisle ;
 Rich music floods the noble pile—
Ave Maria.

Pale Phœbe looks down from her height.
 Her soft beam of approval bright
 Blends with the altar's chasten'd light—
Ave Maria.

To bow before th' Eternal Power
 The noble from his princely tower,
 The lowly come in this still hour—
Ave Maria.

The roving Corsair, fierce and rude,
 In humble penitential mood,
 Bows down beneath the holy rood—
Ave Maria.

It is the hour of Duty's call
 From state intrigue or tavern brawl,
 Gentle or simple, freeman, thrall—
Ave Maria.

O mortals, snatch a respite brief
 From earthly toils, from earthly grief ;
 Enjoy this hour of sweet relief,
Ave Maria !

THE WORLD'S NEEDS.

HOW chang'd this world of ours would be
 If stead of strife and enmity
 And acrimonious railing,
 Deep tender-hearted sympathy,
 All comprehensive Charity,
 Were in our midst prevailing.

How swiftly Grief's discordant tones
 Would vanish from our circling zones
 Disgusted and affrighted ;
 Could mankind but be brought to see
 Themselves as one vast family
 By Love's sweet bond united !

O would, O would our eyes but see
 More artless frank simplicity
 In dealings with each other ;
 Alas ! how grieving to perceive
 Man striving, scheming to deceive
 His fellow and his brother.

How gladly also would we see
 'Twixt practice and mere theory
 A more distinct connection ;
 We see around us every day
 Men contradict the good they say
 By some unworthy action.

Some parsons talk of brotherhood
 In sermons eloquent and good
 From pulpits on the Sunday,
 Then miserably fail to reach
 The lofty standard that they teach
 By conduct on the Monday.

In our great Legislature too,
 How much is there expos'd to view
 To set the spirit grieving ;
 Men thinking more of " Party " claims.
 Than of the great and noble aims
 They ought to be achieving.

What shameless deeds of cruel wrong,
The despotism of the strong,
The sorrow and the sighing,
In terrible discordance rise,
Piercing the stillness of the skies ;
To Heav'n for vengeance crying !

O would we make allowance due
Whene'er our brethren's faults we view,
And mingle with our judgment
Mercy's sweet "quality unstrain'd,"
How know we what might be attain'd,
Our words may find a lodgement

In some forlorn less favour'd soul
O'er whom Temptation's billows roll
With fell resistless power,
Our kindly word, our tender deed,
May bring forth, like the little seed,
Some day a fruitful dower.

If Heav'n hath on us more bestow'd
Of light to guide us o'er Life's road
Than on our weaker brother,
Let us be thankful for that light,
And use the precious beam aright
And ne'er its radiance smother.

Then every thing ignobly mean,
All rancour, prejudice, and spleen,
Foul slander and back-biting
Would o'er our peaceful happy shore
Diffuse their influence no more
So withering and blighting.

Alas ! alas ! sad thought, that e'er
A world so wonderfully fair
Man in his little hour,
By passion, pride, and selfishness,
By malice, anger, bitterness,
To mar should have the power.

ENGLAND'S DUKE IS SATISFIED.

(On reading that the Duke of Cambridge had inspected the Forces and expressed himself as "quite satisfied.")

YE hardy sons of valiant Mars,
With honour crown'd and battle's scars,
The glory of your native land,
The bulwarks of our power who stand ;
List to my words, and swell with pride,
For Royal George is satisfied.

What matter it how critics carp
And on that old theme ever harp—
The shocking state of our defences
And annual growth of their expenses—
These pessimistic souls we'll chide,
Since England's Duke is satisfied.

Though bay'nets break and sabres bend,
And many a gallant fellow send
Before his time beneath the sod,
What if our big guns oft explode
And lay more of our own men low
Than of the swarthy-visag'd foe ;
Ne'er heed how critics may deride,
Is not George Ranger satisfied ?

Then let us rest with calm belief,
And breathe a sigh of sweet relief,
To feel assur'd that all is right ;
That we can rest us of a night,
And not dread waking in the morn ;
These jaundic'd croakers we will scorn
And beam with calm complacent pride,
Since England's Duke is satisfied.

ONLY AN OLD OLD DITTY.

ONLY an old old ditty
Sung in a crowded street
Of London's mighty city,
In falt'ring tones but sweet,
By a little bright-eyed fair-hair'd child,
A waif in the social desert wild.

Only an old old ditty,
 But, listening to the strain
 Sung by the minstrel pretty,
 What mem'ries live again,
 Awaken'd by a simple song
 Sung to a sympathetic throng !

Only an old old ditty,
 No brilliant lyric flower,
 In language grand or witty,
 Yet full of subtle power
 To hold and move the human heart
 With untaught but resistless art.

Only an old old ditty,
 Yet through those standing by
 There throbs a thrill of pity,
 While scarce an eye is dry—
 Meet homage of a gather'd throng
 To the power of a simple song.

THE HOURS OF LIFE.

WASTE not the precious hours of life
 On transitory, worldly pleasures ;
 Spend not your powers in the strife
 For perishing material treasures ;
 But seek for more enduring things—
 That leave no memories to grieve you,
 For solid gains that take not wings,
 Like earthly riches, which oft leave you ;
 Treasures of Faith, of Hope, and Love,
 Heaven's glad joy for earthly sorrow ;
 Beauteous visions from above,
 Glimpses of a bright to-morrow
 In a better world than this,
 Where there is no sin, no sadness,
 A realm of never-ending bliss,
 Never-ceasing songs of gladness.
 Life's too earnest, far too short,
 To pass in idle, aimless dreaming,
 In follies, or in sinful sport,
 Or sordid, avaricious scheming.
 Strive, O strive to leave the world

Better, purer than you found it ;
 Jehovah's banner floats unfurl'd,
 Brethren, up and rally round it !
 Inaugurate a new Crusade
 'Gainst all the varied forms of evil,
 God's foes, against the truth array'd,
 The sinful world, the flesh, the devil.
 Thus pass ye through Life's pilgrim way
 Of the Master's will observant ;
 At the last your Lord shall say :—
 " Well done ! good and faithful servant."

SONNETS.—THE CUCKOO. MAY.

WELCOME, thou wanderer from land remote,
 E'er welcome, gentle harbinger of Spring !
 Cheering to us thy sweet though plaintive note.
 To us rich pleasure doth thy advent bring ;
 Bright pictures ting'd with promise fair of May,
 Her snowy hedgerows, meadows freshly green,
 With early flowerets making Nature gay,
 The matchless sun with his irradiant sheen.
 Dear bird, thou com'st to sound the passing knell
 Of tyrant Winter ; starting at thy voice,
 Chagrin'd he calls away from hill and dell
 His vassals rude ; earth greatly doth rejoice
 To see him go with sullen parting roar,
 And Spring's sweet voice proclaims his reign is o'er.

And see ! where cometh smiling rosy May,
 For season sweet to dominate the scene ;
 A spirit fair in beauteous array,
 On her pure brow a chaplet emerald green ;
 On her white bosom many a brilliant gem
 Sparkles ; rich odours impregnate the air ;
 Bright Flora weaves a lovely diadem
 To decorate her handmaid passing fair ;
 Rich strains of music o'er the welkin float,
 As feather'd choirs in untaught minstrelsy
 Enraptur'd hymn her praise with fullest throat ;
 While zephyrs dance around in sportive glee ;
 O'er the grand prospect rings a thrilling voice
 Crying, May has come ; rejoice, O earth, rejoice !

PATRIOTISM.

WHO is the genuine patriot ? Is it he
 Who pins his faith to conquest and to might ?
 And vainly thinks true *amor patriæ*
 But breathes in those who in the gory fight
 And pomp of armed battalia take delight ?
 Who glories in grim battle's lurid flames,
 With ardour climbs the reeking gory height,
 To whom this life presents no nobler aims
 Than winning decorations, men's applause,
 A niche perchance in Glory's gilded fane,
 Too oft, alas ! regardless if the cause
 Be such as Honour, Justice, Truth approve ;
 Indifferent to the misery and pain
 That mark the path wherein red Mars doth move ?

Is not the genuine patriot rather he
 Who in fair Honour's teachings doth delight ?
 And in his inmost soul desires to see
 His country sway'd by dictates pure, upright ?
 Who fondly strives to spread the arts of peace,
 And nightly breathes to Heav'n the fervent prayer
 That Righteousness may mightily increase,
 Rich Plenty yield to toil a guerdon fair ;
 That man may learn to love his fellow-man,
 The human race in Learning e'er advance,
 All in accord with Nature's noble plan,
 Fair Knowledge bending down her kindly glance,
 Religion rear in every heart a throne,
 And love and joy prevail from zone to zone.

TO A DISAPPOINTED GENIUS.

DO you wonder, my poor brother,
 Why your merits are pass'd by ;
 Why you toil long years in patience,
 But to heave the bitter sigh,
 Wearied out and disappointed,
 Your exertions all in vain ;
 All your soul-absorbing labour
 So much unrewarded pain ?

TO A DISAPPOINTED GENIUS.

Do you wistfully look round you
 For some sympathetic soul
 That can understand your feelings,
 Help you onward to your goal?
 Have you found those who though warmest
 In your praise day after day
 Would not lift their little finger
 To assist you on your way?
 Thick as leaves in Vallambrosa
 People scatter words of praise;
 It is easy, words cost nothing,
 But appeal to them to raise
 Something rather more substantial,
 Soon you'll see the proof most clear;
 Your remarks are only falling
 On a deaf unwilling ear.
 Yes, they'd rather spend their money
 On a statue to the dead,
 Than they'd try to help the living;
 Yes, what copious tears they shed
 O'er the poor souls they neglected
 Who have trod this mundane round;
 They can better see their merits
 When they're underneath the ground.
 Think of that most wondrous genius—
 The incomparable Burns,
 Whose bright name shall live as long as
Terra on her axis turns.
 Now, to sing his worth and praises
 Language Mercury outvies,
 All they found for him when living
 Was a place in the Excise.
 So you see, my weary brother,
 What a genius must expect—
 Vapid, empty, fulsome praises;
 Solid, practical neglect.
 Then if you would have your merits
 Brought before the public eye,
 If you'd have them do you justice,
 All you have to do is—die.

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